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GARIBALDI

And other Poems.

GARIBALDI

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

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PREFACE.

In ſubmitting a volume of Poems to the critical Public, the inexperienced author can only appeal to the generous indulgence of that ever-generous tribunal.

The wonderful Sicilian campaign, which has made this departing year of 1860 one epic poem, has ſuggeſted the brief record here offered to the reader.

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GARIBALDI.

I

I LIVED amongſt a race of men who ſaid,
"There is no good beneath the weary ſun:
The dead for ever burying the dead,
Great things for ever doing—never done;
All life without one purpoſe—without one:
We, burning the brief candle of our years
For a dull game we have no ſtake upon,
Mocking our ſouls with acted hopes and fears,
Blind puppets dancing to the muſic of the ſpheres.

2

" Not to our own—to muſic that we know not ;
Not to our own,—no, not our own at beſt ;
Our ſouls in other hands we go, or go not,
Hither or thither, at a ſtrange beheſt.
Better the bird that broods upon her neſt,
And queſtions not the inſtinct ſhe obeys,—
Better the wave with foam upon its creſt,
Whoſe changeleſs courſe the tyrant moonbeam ſways,
Than we who wander blindfold through life's trackleſs ways,—

3

" Which lead us—where ? we know not, only on :
Or what if death be but a ſecond birth,
Making us what we were before the ſun
Lit up for us the ſtage of this great earth ?
Oh, weary drama ! Strife ſo little worth,
In which the hero gains a painted prize,
And only values it by others' dearth,
Fame comes ſo late in anſwer to his ſighs,
That ere he claſps the lovely ſhade, the victor dies.

4

" Thrice hail, then, to the lotus-flowers of life !
Thrice hail, then, to the Moſlem's eaſy creed,
Who, ſitting on a carpet, ſees the ſtrife,
And wonders at the hearts that burn and bleed !
Oh, fool, to hold a world's applauſe thy meed !
Oh, fool, to ſtrive, to weep, to do, to dream,
And periſh failing in ſome mighty deed !
The wiſe men idly ſit beſide the ſtream,
And laugh to ſee the fooliſh wreck, the futile ſcheme."

5

With words like theſe we wore the long years out,
So, without faith or hope, the days went by,
And in our minds the ſhadow men call — Doubt,
On life and after life fell gloomily.
That darkened all. They talked of Liberty ! —
We ſneered, and pointed to their hidden chains :
The loud laugh broke into the ſmothered ſigh ;
We with falſe pleaſures maſked too real pains, —
Slaves round Life's chariot-wheels, while Folly held the reins.

6

We had the day ſtill, and the dark-blue night
Yet roſe in all her olden myſtery:
We had the trackleſs ſtars, whoſe awful light
Had travelled to us through Eternity,
Smiling when earth was chaos. Tyranny,
That ſhut men from the things that made their joy,
Taking life from them to forbid them die,
Could not, though ſtrong, that Infinite deſtroy,
That ſhone down heaven's gold on earth's moſt dull alloy.

7

We heard of Italy, and in that name
Still the old witchery; but the lyre ſeemed dead
From which that ſound of bygone magic came;
Only the echo lived—the hymn was fled:
By all the blood in holy cauſes ſhed,—
By the dead hero and the deathleſs ſage,—
By every noble ſoul in battle ſped,—
By deeds that made her paſt one ſacred page,
We, in Italia's name, recalled the Roman's age.

8

And ſhe was dead! In beauty as of yore,
Unchanged her lovelineſs—undimmed her ſmile,
Sweet ſlept the Zephyrs on her fertile ſhore,—
Still waved the vines about Sicilia's iſle:
And in her lonely grandeur all the while,
Venice ſtill ſunned her beauties in the ſea,—
A purple mirror for each ſtately pile,
That crowned her Queen of lovely Lombardy,—
So fair—yet dead in this—no more could ſhe be free!

9

We tolled her death-knell in that common phraſe—
No more! Her Carbonari—where were they?
Dead of the ſickneſs of their waſted days.
Her poet-patriot?—Oh, how ſtill he lay,
Low in the Engliſh churchyard, far away
From the loved land whoſe ſkies illumed his life,—
Whoſe wrongs conſumed his heart! That bright array
Of eager ſouls once burning for the ſtrife,—
How dwindled by deſpair, the priſon, and the knife!

10

A thouſand noble words her ſons had ſpoken,—
A thouſand lovely dreams her ſons had dreamed,—
A thouſand oaths,—loud, fervent, and yet broken,—
A thouſand ſwords were ſheathed or e'er they gleamed,—
A thouſand lamps of theories that beamed
And died,—and nothing done but this. Their woes
Were doubled by their ſtruggles, ſince it ſeemed
Their efforts changed mere tyrants into foes,
When, as of old ſome war-god, GARIBALDI roſe!

11

We wait for ſuch men,—Born of what? The hour!
The incarnation of a people's prayer,
They come at laſt—Invincible! With power
Wide as our want, and great as our deſpair,—
Born to uphold the burden of our care,
They come, and we believe, and gather near,
And ſun ourſelves beneath the forehead, where
God writes, "The crown of Victory is here,
And where this man comes never yet came fear!"

12

We wait for ſuch men—they, like living light,
Come when the hour is darkeſt. It may be,
They, with the ſtars, ſhine ever, but the night
Alone reveals their fulleſt majeſty.
Then through the darkneſs, ſuddenly we ſee
The pole-ſtar of our blind and troubled way
Shining in grand and awful myſtery
Beck'ning us onward with unchanging ray,
Till groping through the night we reach a fairer day.

13

God had not hid Himſelf from Sicily!
The night was not for ever! Lo! the morn
Glimmered a ſpeck acroſs the lowering ſky,
Half doubted by the eyes ſo wan and worn,
Quite doubted by the tyrant's ſceptic ſcorn,
But not the leſs the morn! The ſtandard roſe—
Hope, ſtrange as welcome, beamed on the forlorn;
The ſword took up the chorus of men's woes,
And Sicily's Deliverer came forth to meet her foes.

14

Her wrongs had been too deep for words, too vile
For mortal tongue to tell their villany;
Ills had been heaped on the long-ſuffering iſle,
Which made men traitors, only ſtanding by
And not proteſting 'gainſt ſuch treachery!
Hell militant on earth had held its reign
Here on the fertile treaſure of the ſea,
With kings for miniſters, and human pain
The holocauſt to glut the maſter of the fane.

15

Her children had been ſlain in churches — hid,
Rotting alive behind a palace wall;
Starved — tortured — all that devils ever did
Conceive of horror had been acted, all
That in a ſavage country could befall
A lonely wretch. Here in a Chriſtian land
Deeds that a Dionyſius might appal
Were daily done, while all along the ſtrand
Men curſed the cruel heart, falſe ſoul, and ruthleſs hand.

16

The women waited, watching from the walls—
Watching for the Deliverer they ſtood,
"Oh! will he anſwer to the voice that calls
A people's want of him acroſs the flood?
Above, about us, death and murder brood,
And none but God and he can help or ſave,
Our maſters drown us in our kinſmen's blood,
Our lovely iſle is one Italian grave,
What wonder that we wait his advent o'er the wave?

17

"Send him, O Lord, oh, ſend thy ſervant here,
Our ſons' right arms want ſtrength in wanting him,
Send him, whoſe glance diſpels the coward's fear,
And puts new life into the feeble limb.
Death at his ſide will loſe his aſpect grim!
No longer death, but glory! Send, oh, ſend!
Light up the horizon where hope is dim,
That following the creſt that cannot bend
Sicilia at the leaſt may win a glorious end,

18

" If not a triumph—let our children die,
So they but die declaring they are free!
There have been ſuch death-homes in Sicily,
That fiends in Hell may ſicken as they ſee
Their king outdone in helliſh cruelty;
There have been horrors hidden from the day,
So vile—the vile might doubt if they could be!
And yet no earthquakes heave the lovely bay,
No fires from Heaven come down to ſweep the land away."

19

The women on the walls with earneſt eyes
Looked ſeaward for the anſwer to their prayer:
" Oh, hear us, Thou, enthroned beyond the ſkies,
Thou, who alone canſt fathom our deſpair,
We conſecrate our children young and fair,—
Our ſons, whoſe downy cheeks have yet their bloom,
So that they track the tyrants to their lair,
And by one moment haſte the day of doom, [tomb."
We will not grudge the tears that dew our loved ones'

20

He heard Who hearkens to the deſolate,
He lit the flame that fired the hero's ſoul,
Until it burned with all his country's hate
And ſwept earth's petty barriers of control,—
Though o'er his path all Etna's fires ſhould roll
To ſtay the ſtep that goeth forth to ſave,
They would not hold him from the glorious goal;
Swiftly he journeys o'er the purple wave
To raiſe Sicilia's children from their living grave.

21

And thus he anſwers them:—"Italia's ſons,
Ye glorious remnants of old battles fought,
Your wrongs are mightier than your maſter's guns,
United, all things—diſunited, nought;—
Ye need no foreign help, too dearly bought,
No,—let your children to their children tell
Alone their fathers' death, or freedom fought,
Alone they conquered, and alone they fell,
Their war-cry this—'Italia and Emmanuel!'"

22

They gathered in the ſtillneſs of the night,[1]
They came from all the corners of the land,
They met and mingled in the ſtarry light
In ſilent groups upon the ocean ſtrand;
There were no ſhouts—they had a deed in hand
Whoſe depth of purpoſe ſtilled the loud acclaim,
And ſolemnly they went—that earneſt band,
Heedleſs of fortune, honour, laurels, fame,
To fight, or fall and die, unknown in Freedom's name.

23

They were of every province, every grade,
Nobles, phyſicians, ſoldiers, artiſts,—all,
The ſtudent left his lamp, one left his trade,
And one his plough, the cobbler left his ſtall,
Where'er free ears had heard Sicilia's call;
Each came to do his part, at leaſt to die—
The pooreſt gave a life nor feared to fall—
Falling acroſs the path to victory,
Shouting in death "Emmanuel and Italy!"

For Notes ſee end of the Poem.

24

There ſtood upon the beach a goodly throng,
There flocked a hoſt on the Sardinian ſhore;
Around the band they came, five thouſand ſtrong,
Strangers, who ne'er had looked on them before,—
Dear friends, who deemed they ne'er might ſee them more:
They came to watch the brave go forth to bleed,
To mark the aſpect that their leader wore,
Whoſe genius never failed in time of need,—
Forth came the thouſands, crying, with one voice, "God ſpeed!"

25

Men's minds held nothing elſe—men's hearts were filled
With but one thought, and beat but to one theme,—
A loud, impetuous throb, not to be ſtilled:
And ſome deſpaired, and called the hero's dream
A dream of madneſs,—reckleſs, too, his ſcheme.
A cloud of fear o'erſhades the Turineſe.
What if he fail? He fail! Oh! could they deem
That victory went not with him o'er the ſeas?—
Could they ſo ſoon forget Velletri and Vareſe?

26

The cruiſers watch to keep him from the coaſt;
The die is caſt—he's gone!—but will he land?
Will Naples cower before that ſlender hoſt,
And all an army fall 'neath ſuch a band?
A thouſand volunteers, with ſword in hand,
Some, ſtrangers to the ſoldier's trade,—will they
Rear the three colours on that hoſtile ſtrand,
And plant Sardinia's ſtandard in the bay?
How will they land?—They landed in the open day!

27

Who ſays the age of miracles is paſt?
Who talks of Marathon—Thermopylæ?
They by Marſala's ſhore their anchors caſt,
Laughing to ſcorn the watchful enemy,
Whoſe veſſels ſtudded all that ſouthern ſea;
They diſembarked beneath the midday ſkies;
None queſtioned them,—the glorious—the free!
Their very preſence ſeemed to paralyſe:
Unchallenged, thus they landed 'neath their foeman's eyes.

28

Throughout the Iſle their coming noiſed abroad,
And "Victory and him!" the young men cried.
The groups of peaſants on the duſty road,
The armed Guerillos on the mountain ſide,
Shouted his name, till, echoing o'er the tide,
That found appalled the Bourbon's heart of ſtone.
Afar then flew the tidings, far and wide,
Till the weak tyrant ſhivered on his throne,
Every free ſoul allied againſt him—he, alone!

29

Alone, with the worſt cauſe that ever man
Dared to uphold againſt his fellow-men—
Unpitied, ſcorned, beneath Earth's general ban,
The world awaiting that bleſt moment when
His foes ſhall drive him from his blood-ſtained den;
And rid the infected land of death and ſhame,
By ridding it of him. Then let him, then,
Deprived of all except his hateful name,
Drag out his days unſcathed, too pitiful for blame.

30

A warning to poſterity—a mark
For the fool's wit—a blot upon his kind—
A vile example! He who would not hark
The warning voices—deafer than the wind,
Than the black night leſs pitying, more blind—
Let him be this; or let him be forgot,
Excuſed as mad by crookedneſs of mind:
So with his duſt his memory may rot,
And even Italy's dark records name him not.

31

A ſecond Dionyſius, with the will,
But not the power, to work a nation's woe;
Inheriting his father's thirſt for ill,
But not his father's nerve to ſtrike the blow;
Below the worſt of tyrants, far below
An Agathocles of old time, as one
Who midſt an army feared a ſingle foe,
Who dared not finiſh that he had begun,—
A would-be tyrant, the baſe father's baſer ſon.

32

Thus to his ſoldiers doth their leader ſpeak:—
"Brave Chaſſeurs of the Alps, your miſſion now,
As ever, is to battle for the weak;
I hold no hopes of laurels for each brow,
Nor promiſe ſpoils of peaceful homes laid low,
No rank, no recompenſe rewards the brave;
When paſt the danger and when dealt the blow,
You will regain your hearths acroſs the wave,
But when the battle hour ſtrikes, ye riſe to ſave."

33

The watchfires blazed upon the heights, and drew
A fiery ſemicircle round the bay,
Reflected in the ocean's purple hue,
Deepening in ſplendour with the cloſe of day.
Low in her golden ſhell Palermo lay,
Breathleſs, but hopeful all the waiting land;
While from the mountain-ranges far away,
The armed Sicilians flew to join the band,
And an electric thrill ran round their iſland ſtrand.

34

Thus Garibaldi's name became a link,
Trapani, Corleone, ſent their ſons[2]—
And gathering round that Captain, will they ſhrink?
Though from the mouths of all their foemen's guns
Hell thundered on them,—by their little ones,
Their devaſtated homes, their kindred ſlain,
Vile be the portion of the wretch who ſhuns
To lead the headlong charge, to fire the train,
And die lamenting that he cannot die again.

35

Forth from Marſala comes the ſwelling hoſt,[3]
Paſſing Salerni, down the terraced ſlope,
Bold though each ſoul, the proud lip ſpeaks no boaſt,
Though each determined face is lit with hope—
They know with thrice their ſtrength they have to cope,
But ſhrink not as acroſs the vale they go—
(Was this hour in their leader's horoſcope?)
Heaven help the free! They reach the broad plateau,
And face to face they meet the cloſely-ſerried foe.

36

Four guns and four battalions there arrayed,
With Landi for their leader. O'er the plain
Their glittering arms a blinding glory made,
Down poured their muſketry in fiery rain ;
The *ſquadri* ſhuddering o'er their brothers ſlain[1] —
Then roſe the Chaſſeurs of the Alps ; — the fray
Chilled not their hearts. On, on, they charged, again,
Againſt all odds, beneath the burning ſky
At the ſharp bayonet's point they drove the foe away.

37

A ſtudent lad from Pavia, ſcarce eighteen,
Laid firſt his hand upon the foeman's gun,
His ſouthern nature fired by the ſcene,
Proud to do ſomething where ſo much was done.
(Oh, happy mother, calling ſuch her ſon !)
Oh, wondrous Leader ! 'neath whoſe ſtandard riſe
Men's ſouls above themſelves ! The day is won ;
Calata Fimi's triumph greets the ſkies,
And Naples' walls are plaſtered with official lies.

38

And Partenico ſaw theſe Regii fly [5]
And roſe as one ſtrong man acroſs their way ;
For here had children felt their cruelty,—
Theſe warriors againſt women, ſtrong to ſlay,
And murderous hands upon the helpleſs lay.
Here had they warred upon the feeble, here
Laid low the head on which the hairs were grey,
Making their names the ſynonyme for fear,
Now thoſe ſo long unpitied pitileſs appear.

39

Palermo watched the diſtant ſignal lights
As hangs the Parſee o'er the holy fire,
They flare and flicker on the rugged heights,
Now mount towards the ſkies, or now expire
In fitful darkneſs, and then blazing higher
Their red glare mingles with the mellow beams
Of the May moonlight, as it would aſpire
To melt incorporate with thoſe purer gleams,
And kindle in Sicilian breaſts high hopes and dreams.

40

Loud beat men's hearts within Palermo's walls,
They only ſtrike not yet, becauſe they wait:
They wait to hear the well-known bugle calls—
Wait their Deliverer thundering at the gate
With the ſtrong voice whoſe every tone is fate;[6]
"Oh, come," they cry, "free Leader of the free,
Come to redeem us ere it be too late!
What though the foe is ſtrong by land and ſea,
Legions of ſhining angels watch and fight with thee!"

41

Still blazed the ſignals, watched by but a few,
And watched by the deluded foe, they burned,
Deep crimſon 'gainſt the ether's deeper blue,
The ſtars to which the weary eyelids turned—
But he—the Leader—where was he? He ſpurned
The upland moſſes with his choſen band,
Swift haſtening to the ſouls that for him yearned,
O'er mountain chains and peaks on which men ſtand
And ſicken looking down. He flew acroſs the land,

42

And roſe at Parco, where the aſtoniſhed foe
Beheld him, as by magic, in full force,
This Bandellero, this Diavolo,
Who with the eagles took his lofty courſe,
And with the chamois trod the mountain gorſe,
Again the Regii and the Free engage,—
Again a treble hoſt of foot and horſe
Turn on the patriot-bands their bootleſs rage,
And then on peaceful homes their baffled fury wage.

43

The chief retired. Some watching that retreat,
Trembled. Weak hearts! What, would they, could they doubt?
Had he e'er led the way for flying feet?
Were his the ſoldiers for paid ſlaves to rout?
Let the fools lie, and let the boaſters ſhout,
Calling defeat a victory. His foes
Follow his track, Piano's roads about,
While o'er the mountains once again he goes,
And Miſilmeri's reached or e'er the ſun has roſe.

44

Above the ruins of a feudal hall
Which mouldering ſtands upon the mountain's ſide,
(A caſtle once, now with white limeſtone wall,
A bleaching ſkeleton of periſhed pride),
There is a plateau ſtretching ſmooth and wide,
From whence the traveller looks towards the plain,
And that long range o'er which the ſhadows glide,
Stretching towards Taffarana and the main,
Acroſs luxuriant ſweeps all green with waving grain.

45

Majeſtic riſing, ſternly, darkly royal,
There where for ages paſt its peaks have frowned,
Caſting long ſhadows on the fertile foil,
The Gebel Roſſo, o'er the broken ground
Looks threateningly, with evening ſunſhine crowned
A rugged king.—Mazzagna's paſs is ſeen
Like an extinct volcano, while around
The vines feſtooned in garlands fondly lean
Upon the gloomy olive's deeper, darker green.

46

Here were they gathered, the Guerillo bands,
Here weary heads were pillowed on a ſtone,
While o'er the tired frame ſome comrade's hand
A cloak or ſheepſkin here and there has thrown,
But this is luxury almoſt unknown.
Four lances and a blanket made a tent,
To whoſe bleſt ſhade the Sybarites had flown;
While ſome above a ſmoking kettle bent, [Lent.
Whoſe ſavoury fumes proclaimed theſe ſoldiers kept no

47

Amid a little group the hero ſtood,
Turr, the Hungarian Colonel, ever by
When danger threatens, or when noble blood
Is needed in the cauſe of Italy;
Bixio, Carini, they were near, to die
With the old leader whom they loved ſo much;
The General's brave and youthful ſon was nigh
With wounded wriſt: one leaning on a crutch—
Illuſtrious land that midſt thy champions numbers ſuch!

48

No mercenary cut-throats bribed to ſlay,
No blind machines to work a tyrant's will,
No baſe-born hirelings in a daſtard's pay,
White-coated harbingers of death and ill,
Drunk and infuriate with the blood they ſpill:
Not ſuch as theſe — but men of noble ſoul
Who hold the ſword to ſave and not to kill;
Who aſk no recompenſe, but to enroll
Italia's proudeſt names on Fame's immortal ſcroll!

49

They gathered round their Leader. "Now," he ſaid,
"The hour has come to ſtrike for Sicily!
For one brief *coup-de-main* that will decide
The fate of all the iſle. The people cry
To us to give them life and liberty. —
Why ſhould we linger? though our numbers be
A handful 'gainſt the foe. We can but die!
Think what three hundred did — and why ſhould we
Fear to eſſay a deed ſhall pale Thermopylæ?

50

They need ſmall time for preparation, theſe
Soldiers of liberty. The tidings run
Swift through the camp—Hungarians, Genoeſe,
The Chaſſeurs of the Alps—each graſps his gun,
Ready for any fate beneath the ſun.
The avant-garde in brave Turkori's care—
Cloſe following the Sicilians, led by one
La Maga. Next the Genoeſe, and near
The Chaſſeurs of the Alps their far-famed ſtandard bear.

51

Up to the paſs in ſlender file they go,
Great cactus hedges border all the way—
A mountain-gap reveals the ſcene below,
The glittering villa walls, the bluſhing bay,
Bathed in the beauty of the dying day.—
The rugged mountain-peaks for ever red
Drank in the ſun, whoſe laſt expiring ray
Dwelt a warm halo on each ſtately head,
Lingering around the loftieſt ere it ſped.

52

Here might the hounds for ever loſe their ſcent,
As of famed Enna's plain the bards have ſung;
A thouſand of ſpring's faireſt bloſſoms blent
Into one fragrance, o'er the iſland hung;
All tenderly the timid flow'ret clung,
Neſtling around the crag, as if it owned,
A love for the rough boſom whence it ſprung,
Wreathing the breaſt whereon the clouds were throned,
And creeping to the baſe by the blue ocean zoned.

53

The echoes of the evening gun had died
Amidſt the mountains. Clear the moon aroſe,
Flooding with ſilver all the brown hill-ſide,
A fairy lamp to light them to their foes.
Wild, rude, and dangerous, was the way they choſe,
Across a mountain torrent's ſtony bed;
Now in the track of the caſcade it goes,
Now o'er great rocky maſſes; but one led
That band, who had well-nigh made ſoldiers of the dead,

54

And led *them* on to victory. The men
Scarce knew their Captains in the doubtful light.
Singly they went, and only halted when
They reached the plain below. The quiet night
Beheld them arrayed there, in gathered might;
Thence to the road, then onward towards the gate,—
Dawn on the Squadri's lances glimmers bright,
Another hour had been perchance too late—
"Strike, brothers, on each blow depends a brother's fate."

55

Roufed by the Squadri's loud evvivas rife
The guard upon the bridge, then hot and faft,
O'er every head the whiftling volley flies;
Loud founds the alarm, fhrill peals the trumpet blaft;
Scatheleſs as yet the Band—the road is paft—
Acroſs the torrent bridge the maſſes pour—
Paft fire from loopholed walls, whence fhells are caft—
Yet few are wounded, as they hurry o'er,
Heedleſs of foes behind or ordnance ranged before.

56

Turkori, firſt to croſs the barricade,[8]
And gain the town, falls wounded in the knee,
The avant-garde a furious charge has made
Along the pathway leading to the ſea.
Driving the foe before them,—'gainſt the Free,
The hireling ſoldiers of Bombino's force
Are reeds againſt a rock, the colours three,
Sardinia's enſign waves, and loud and hoarſe
Peal the evvivas as they hold their onward courſe.

57

Now paſt the cannon's roar, and hiſſing balls,
Within the market-place unharmed he ſtands,[9]—
Low at his feet a reſcued people falls,
He, the Deliverer, Captain of the bands,
Whoſe deeds go forth to all the wondering lands,
He, the Avenger, he, their hope, is here;
They cling around his knees, they claſp his hands,
Oh, friend! oh, champion! never more ſhall fear
Or ſlavery approach, with Garibaldi near!

58

Their Liberator! Forth the ſurging crowd
Pours like an ocean gathering round his feet,
And he, their centre, gravely, ſadly proud,
Watches the thouſands ruſh from ſquare and ſtreet,
With but a look the conqueror to greet,
The conqueror of tyranny—the foe,
Who with a hundred, can a legion meet,
Whoſe ſingle arm can lay the oppreſſor low,
And cruſh a dynaſty with one deciſive blow.

59

Guerillo! Bandit!—they have called him theſe,
The nations ſtanding by to watch him fail
Or triumph friendleſs. Over all the ſeas
Goes forth the record of his work. Then, hail!
Hail for the man for whom hope ſeemed ſo frail,
The ſober called him mad—now loud and long
Men's pæans for the glory that may pale
The days of Chivalry, the deeds of ſong;
All hail to him, the brave, the dauntleſs, and the ſtrong!

60

And ſtrong by what? By numbers or by arms?
Strong by the aid of a full treaſury?
By hope of gain, which many a boſom warms,
Tempting the ſoldier on to do and die,
For ſome fair glittering bauble ſeeming nigh?
Strong by ſuch things as theſe?—no, ſtrong in faith,
In boundleſs love for trampled Italy,
In ſingleneſs of purpoſe, ſtrong as death,
What cared he for applauſe from man's moſt fickle breath?

61

He was no actor on a petty ſtage,
No gladiator fighting for a prize,
No paid deſtroyer ſimulating rage,
Urged on by the ſpectators' eager cries.—
His ſtage the earth, his audience in the ſkies,
And for the world—what though the thumbs go down?
He failing to ſet free the Sicilies,
What though the umpire ſhould withhold the crown,
The cauſe which he believes in is its own renown.

62

Oh ! we who cry *cui bono*, let us own
Theſe are Earth's great ones—theſe who can—
Men who have died on ſeeing overthrown [believe !
Some noble work they lived but to achieve,—
Who in all dreams one changeleſs purpoſe weave,
Born to redeem the land that gave them birth—
Men who an age of daſtards will retrieve
With one immortal deed,—who hold it worth
One earneſt life to break the chains of all the Earth !

63

We, the ſpectators,—we, who dropping back
Bet on the race we have not ſtrength to run—
We, who abjure the torture and the rack
Which wait on thoſe who in that race have won,—
We, liſtleſs idlers, weary of the ſun,—
We, who with epigrams aſſail the ſkies,
And trifle round the queſtions which we ſhun
To aſk or anſwer ;—we—are we the wiſe ?
Or he who dreams and hopes, who loves, believes, and dies ?

64

Still the ſame climax,— Death alike to all.
Be ſtrong, achieve, O Warrior! while ye may,
Or ere the pitcher by the fountain fall,
While yet the ſun has his familiar ray,
While yet the ſtarry night ſucceeds the day,
Ere God reclaim the ſpirit which He gave,
To light the periſhing and feeble clay.
Death, hold ye back awhile,—he comes to ſave—
Pale horſe and paler rider, ſpare the true and brave!

65

Yet hold aloof, and paſs by him as one
Thou dar'ſt not touch; who, marvellous as great,
Has yet a work that muſt and ſhall be done,
However far the end—however late
The day of perfect triumph. He is Fate,
Italia, Union, Glory, Freedom, Life:
Extinction of a race beneath men's hate,
The future with all hopeful viſions rife,
All hang on him who leads and glorifies the ſtrife.

66

O coming day, fore-ſhadowed to the eyes
Of all who love the cities of their birth,
When from her ſcattered aſhes ſhall ariſe
The undivided glory of the earth,—
Her voice regaining all its olden worth,
Her influence extended through the world,
Her vine-clad hills and valleys loud with mirth,
On every ſea one ſacred flag unfurled,
And to their native Chaos all her tyrants hurled.

67

Ere noon Palermo is well-nigh their own :[10]
Then pours the vengeance of the pitileſs,
And the weak hand whoſe power to hold hath gone,
Knows ſtill it hath the power to oppreſs,
And to the laſt will uſe it. Loud diſtreſs,
The wail of deſolated homes, the cry
Of thoſe whoſe hearths are as a wilderneſs
Of ruin and deſtruction, greet the ſky,
While wounded women ſeek a ſpot where they may die.

68

Oh, mercileſs! was it not brave to wreak
The maddened hate of thy malignant foul,
With weak and fooliſh vengeance on the weak?—
Thou couldſt deſtroy, though powerleſs to control.
Over the lovely town thy thunders roll,
Thy cannons rain deſtruction upon all,
Through ruined ſtreets War's dreadful tocſins toll,
The red-hot ſhells aſſail the ſhattered wall,
And ſtill on Garibaldi's name the dying call.

69

And ſeeing what thou art, his ſheltering arm
Takes a new ſtrength to ſet the wretched free.
Thou harbinger of death and every harm,
'Twere ſomething to have freed mankind of thee;
There, in thy lovely lair beſide the ſea,
Which thou haſt made a charnel-houſe, there yet
An awful day of reckoning ſhall be,—
Then ſhalt thou ſee the free-born nations met,
And the wide world in one array againſt thee ſet.

70

Over the broken roofs, the ſhivered walls,
Shrouding the ſhroudleſs dead, all mournfully
The duſky ſhadowed ſouthern twilight falls,
And the low ſun's laſt lingering glories die.
There, where a fountain babbles to the ſky,[11]
There Garibaldi ſleeps, or reſts, for ſleep
Falls ſeldom on that grave and earneſt eye;
His dreams are trances more than dreams, ſo deep
The thoughts which haunt him in each night-watch he doth keep.

71

Through the Italian evening ſoftly beams,
By every caſement a low feeble ſtar,
Dim as the doubtful glories of our dreams,
And tremuloufly glittering; while afar
Lamps ſhimmer ſlender as ſome cryſtal ſpar,
While through clear ether blazing ſhells ſtill ruſh,
And beautify the ſcene they cannot mar—
Loud joy-bells on the evening breezes guſh,
And ſaved Palermo mocks the tyrant's power to cruſh.

72

Morn breaks above the ſleepleſs town. The cries
Of liberated priſoners,—left to rot
In dungeons 'neath the Bourbon's rule,—ariſe
To teſtify againſt the tyrant. What!
Can it be thus, men free, and chains are not?
The priſon-doors break down before the mob;
Men whom their fellow-men had half forgot
Embrace their altered children. Who would rob
The General's heart of one exultant throb?

73

This ſun that gilds the ruined ſtreets is not
As other ſuns,—it ſhines upon the free!
New lovelineſs adorns the loveliеſt ſpot,
The changing cloud, the opal-tinted ſea,
The waving vine, the ſheltering olive-tree,
All, all are fairer, the blue heavens ſmile
New ſkies upon a new-born Sicily,
Sardinia's colours creſt each ſtately pile,
And Freedom reigns in the regenerated Iſle.

74

And men may breathe,—aye, even think and ſpeak!
Oh, wondrous ſtrange! and can ſuch things be true?
Can there be kings who trample not the weak,
Nor ſtain with murder their imperial blue?—
Kings men may truſt, nor live that truſt to rue,—
Kings who rejoice not in the blood they ſpill,
Kings yet not butchers, who in all they do
Conſult the ſubjects whom they love, and ſtill
Bear in their own free breaſts a free-born people's will?

75

King of the priſoners! ſcarce one little year
Since thou wert new to the Sicilian throne,
To thee the eyes long dimmed with many a tear,
Were turned as to the dawn. The tyrant gone,
The future was before thee. Thou, alone,
With power to tread the path thyſelf ſhouldſt chooſe,
Oh, riſing ſtar! how mighteſt thou have ſhone,—
How mighteſt thou have ſet the priſoners looſe,
And with thy power redeemed that power's bygone abuſe!

76

It was ſo eaſy for thee. Thou wert young,
And ſhouldſt be pitiful, and might be kind.
How hopefully on thee the wretched hung,
O baſe, O heartleſs, pitileſs, and blind,
O given over to the infenſate mind!
Couldſt thou not ſee the courſe that ſeemed ſo plain,
Know'ſt thou the golden crown thou haſt reſigned?
Thou who diſdaineſt o'er the free to reign,
And deem'ſt thy higheſt bliſs thy trampled people's pain.

77

If thou hadſt had one ſpark of mercy, thou,
Succeeding one ſo truly mercileſs,
Thou might'ſt have won men's warmeſt love; and now,
So haſt thou revelled in thy kind's diſtreſs,
So haſt thou loved to torture and oppreſs,
Thy very father is preferred to thee,
As not the worſt. His direſt foes confeſs
Thou haſt ſurpaſſed e'en him in villany,
Paling his blackeſt deeds by blacker treachery.

78

Stayed in the very torrent of ſucceſs,
The General grants the foe an armiſtice.
What! Lanza and his compeers! they confeſs,
They come to him, the bandit, crying, "Peace!
Let the humiliating ſtruggle ceaſe—
We have but numbers, cannon, force, and might,
An army which we every hour increaſe
Gathering in ſtrength to cruſh thee. Thou haſt right,
And men whoſe hearts are in the cauſe for which they fight."

79

Oh, wonder-working hero! thou haſt ſwept
An army from thy path as ſweeps the blaſt
The leaves that check its courſe, and thou haſt ſtept
Forth from the chaos of the troubled paſt,
Gathered thy little band, thy gauntlet caſt
In the pale tyrant's teeth; and in the field
Spell-bound by thine old preſtige, ſcared, aghaſt,
Diviſions crumble, the trained captains yield,
And leave the people thine to ſave, to rule, to ſhield.

80

Then Garibaldi re-collects his force,
Diſcards the uſeleſs, and arrays the brave.
With ſlender arms that ſuit the mountain courſe
O'er which their path will lead them by the wave,
On to Meſſina. Little do they crave
To fit them for the war — theſe Spartans hold
Hardſhip and famine in contempt — they have
Small need of heavy knapſacks, reckleſs, bold,
As they who fought by Ariſtomenes of old.

81

He has no need to ſtrike upon the ground,
His ſtandard is the centre of the iſle.
New ſoldiers gathering every hour around,
Catch valour from the luſtre of his ſmile,
And truth from thoſe proud eyes that know not guile,
And make themſelves his ſlaves. What art is this?
What cunning power or what enchanter's wile,
Which wins each heart until it beats as his?
And the worſt death for him ſeems but a ſoldier's bliſs!

82

The genius of the captain, in whoſe breaſt
Beats the wide heart of nations, not of man,
Who feels each hope that animates the reſt,
Fulfils what others only dream,—who can
Breathe in one word a trodden people's ban
And make that word a thunderbolt. Who dares
What without him a thouſand ne'er began—
Whoſe fleepleſs ears can hear a nation's prayers,
And faſhom all their woes, and pity all their cares.

83

"The Waſhington of Italy!" Ah, well
He choſe thy name, who called thee, hero![12] ſo
Like his, thy deeds are ſuch that thoſe who tell
Of thee or him ſpeak poetry, nor know
How to find words which do not fall below
Thy deeds, as other deeds do fall. Thou art!
Why ſhould we wonder why thou art, although
Thou art ſo wonderful? It is thy part
To be the living anſwer to each anxious heart.

84

Above man — as an inſtrument of God —
A Moſes to theſe children of deſpair,
Leading them through tempeſtuous deeps dry-ſhod;
Haſte, Champion, to that ſhore ſo lovely fair
That wants alone thy ſtandard on the air
To make its perfect lovelineſs ſublime.
Onward, immortal one! The ſword ye bear
Is not for reſt, — through life's departing prime
Thou with eternal glory vanquiſheſt dull Time.

85

Thou teſtifieſt God's unfailing truth,
Thou, coming to us in our hour of need —
Thy humble birth, thy unregarded youth,
Thy ſhipwrecked comrades ſaved. Each daring deed
An embryo hero's! With how little heed
The loud world paſſed thee by, unheard thy name,
Till, lo! the chains are looſed, the ſlaves are freed,
The days of all the Cæſars put to ſhame,
And Earth reſounding with the thunder of thy name.

86

They go, the troops of Francis; ere they part,
O'er every roof Sardinia's colours float;
The church, the convent towers, the palace, mart,
The caſtle walls, the fiſherman's frail boat,
All have their enſigns, while from every throat
Swells the loud welcome of the reſcued ſeven,
And ſome few murmurs in the crowd devote
That parting force to—anywhere but Heaven:
They go—the white ſails ſpread—and all our chains are riven.

87

The priſoners meet their friends.[13] Oh, wildly glad
They gather round theſe loved ones, nearly loſt,
And all the city, as one man gone mad,
Shrieks its farewell to that departed hoſt,
And will rejoice although forbade to boaſt.
From every caſement women throw down flowers,
The very air is thick with bloſſoms toſt
About the priſoners' heads—the ſtreets are bowers,
And the free ſoldiers march beneath the fragrant ſhowers.

88

And he, their ſaviour, claſps them to his breaſt,
Theſe ſeven. Folded to that noble heart,
Are they or he the moſt entirely bleſt?
Up to the General's eyes unbidden ſtart
The tears he cannot check. His lips juſt part,
But will not form the words that he would ſpeak.
This—Joſeph Garibaldi's only art
Beſide which Cæſar's genius had been weak;
His heart is theirs, with theirs muſt beat, with theirs muſt break.

89

Happy Palermo! glancing from thy ſhore,
Look to the other Sicily, where lie
The priſoners, waiting—waiting evermore
The looked-for trial—in their agony
Waiting man's mercy to permit them die.
Look to fair Naples, where the high-born rot
In ſtony vaults, deep hidden from the ſky—
Thy very lovelineſs earth's fouleſt ſpot,
While crowded dungeons undermine thy lovelieſt ſpot.

90

Oh, Naples! thou haſt been thy children's grave,
Italia's charnel-houſe! Thy kings have reigned
O'er gaolers and their victims—while the brave
Caught terror in thy precincts, and reſtrained
Each word that ſpoke of freedom. Thought enchained,
Dwindled and ſhrunk, dwarfed by thy fatal air,
Thy wiſeſt fled. The wretches who remained
Sank in a deathlike torpor of deſpair,
Loſing the very memory of what once they were.

91

Thought was forbidden. Men who walked abroad
Glanced round to ſee the ſpy that ſkulked behind;
The ruſtling trees upon the duſty road
Had ears and could betray—the wandering wind
Seemed as the reſt, a traitor. Till the mind
Grew mad from brooding thoughts it gave not breath,
And none could truſt his brother, but might find
His hearth a neſt of ſcorpions, and beneath
The ſacred roof of home the plotters of his death.

92

This is thy paſt, O Naples! Canſt thou riſe,
And from ſuch aſhes phœnix-like aſcend,
Ruſtling thy re-plumed wings athwart the ſkies,
Bird of great promiſe? Can thy ſorrows end?
Can man from memory's book thoſe pages rend
That tell of what thou haſt been, and forget,
And dream of peace within thy walls, and bend
The knee before thy king, whoſe robes are wet
With the life-blood of all thy martyrs dripping yet?

93

Can men forget? Can they return and ſay,
"We truſt thee, Sovereign; blotted be the paſt,
It was—it is not. Welcome to the day
That breaks on night's black terror at the laſt.
We will forget thoſe dungeons where were caſt
Our nobleſt countrymen. We will eraſe
The memory of the blood that flowed ſo faſt,
(This was our grave and not our dwelling-place)
And baſk in this new ſunſhine of unlooked-for grace.

94

" Nay, more. *We will believe thee!* Though thy ſire
And all thy race have held their oaths as air,
We will believe thou hold'ſt thine honour higher,
And that theſe promiſes, ſo new and fair,
Will be regarded ;— though to our deſpair
We truſted him,— in thee we ſtill will truſt ;
Nay, we will ſay it was thy people's prayer,
And no baſe terror ſtayed thy cruel luſt,
Making thee wondrous kind when trampled in the duſt.

95

" We'll look for purple grapes upon the thorn,
For figs from thiſtles, and for truth from thee ;
Though all the world ſhould hold thee up to ſcorn,
We will believe, and thou, O King, ſhall be
The guardian, not the murderer, of the free.
The priſons ſhall be cloſed, and thou ſhalt tread
No more above the wretched, nor ſhalt ſee
Thy ſhadowy victims hovering round thy bed,
Colouring thy ſlumbers with the blood that thou haſt ſhed."

96

Meſſina ſtill remained unto the foe;
And gathered there, in concentrated force,
Boſco awaited the deciſive blow
That ſhould reveal the Liberator's courſe.
Here were collected troops of foot and horſe,
Artillery and Riflemen, and ſtill
They hold Melazzo; while o'er mountain gorſe,
O'er duſty winding roads, o'er peak and hill,
Approach the bands united by one common will.

97

All Europe ſtanding by to watch the ſtrife,
Feared to foretell its iſſue,—"Can it be
This new-born freedom will have ſo much life
As to ſurvive a ſummer; ſhall we ſee
It fade, this brief exotic Liberty?
Is this loud triumph only an endeavour?
Or ſhall theſe ſometime ſlaves indeed be free?
And was that charge by the Ticino's river
But the prophetic grandeur of a great for-ever?"

98

Time only anſwers queſtions ſuch as theſe.
Oh, fair Italia! men have called thee dead,
A lovely corpſe entombed amid thy ſeas;
Thy morning glories, thy noon ſplendours fled,
Thy ſun gone down, and o'er thee only ſhed
Memory's cold moonlight. Why ſhould this be ſo?
Have all the hoſts that all thy heroes led
Left not one drop of blood? Art thou ſo low
Thou canſt not count one honeſt arm to ſtrike the blow,

99

That ſhall achieve thy reſurrection?—not
One arm to ſtrike for Freedom? Thus they cried
Who ſaw thee ſilent. Hadſt thou then forgot,
And wert content unhonoured to abide?
Couldſt thou indifferent ſtand, and watch the tide
That, ebbing paſt thee, bore thy pride away?
Oh! blind dull World, ſo eager to decide
On that thou knoweſt not! The ſeeming clay
Holds yet eternal Freedom's animating ray,

100

And ſhall ariſe and cry aloud, "I live!
I ſlept, it may be, while the others ſtrove,
And paſſed me in the race. All earth could give,
She gave to me; ſhe ſet my throne above
The wondering nations, powerful to move
The wide world with my ſceptre's careleſs wave.
Mine the rich dower of beauty, wealth, and love,
Genius my offspring, every art my ſlave,
Imperiſhable, I ariſe from out my grave;—

101

"And here reclaim my long-abandoned place.
Reſtore to me the glories that are mine,
And let my ſons' regenerated race—
As once their anceſtors—in deeds outſhine
All other nations. Let them once more twine
Fame's deathleſs garland round Italia's brow,
While purified by ſuffering, more divine
Than in her proudeſt day, the world ſhall bow,
And own ſhe never yet was half ſo fair as now."

102

Her beauty ſhall be union! Lovely! One!
Her ſcattered laurels bound into one wreath,
Her parted ſtars in one immortal ſun,
Her myriad voices in one mighty breath,
Her many creeds in one devoted faith!
This—this ſhall be her concentrated might,
This her new life, that from the realms of death
And darkneſs ſhall uplift her to the light!
Her trampled ſtates for triumph need but to unite.

103

And thou, Emmanuel, be our warrior King;
So mighty is thy miſſion, thou ſhouldſt riſe
To grandeur more than mortal! Thou didſt bring
Hope with thine advent. On thee Europe's eyes
Are turned to worſhip, pity, or deſpiſe;—
We aſk ſo much from greatneſs; do not ſhake
The world's faith in thee! Fearleſs, true, and wiſe,
Hold the bright courſe it was thine own to take,
And ere thou bend'ſt thy ſceptre, let that ſceptre break.

104

Be that thou hast been, — be thyself alone !
Not great on ſufferance ; let no other hand
Hold the foundations of Sardinia's throne,
Now, willing it to totter, now to ſtand,
Thou viceroy, and not monarch of the land.
Let none ſupport thy ſplendour, nor declare
Thine Empire built upon the ſhifting ſand
Of great allies — who, where they help muſt ſhare,
And only let thee hold what their ſtrong graſp can ſpare.

105

July beheld Sicilia's ſtruggle end
In glory at Melazzo. Here the foe
Were gathered. Here had Boſco ſworn to ſend
Medici's columns where the waves ſhould flow
Above the patriots' heads, and level low
Rebellious Barcellona's ſhattered wall.[11]
Here Garibaldi ſtruck the final blow,
Led the free troops collected by his call,
And haſtened the vaſt climax of the tyrant's fall.

106

There had been brief encounters ere they met
On that great day that ended the campaign;
The foe had charged Medici, the ſun ſet
And ſaw them try to take the ſlopes in vain;
Againſt all force, his columns could maintain
Their General's poſition. Tidings flew
Telling the ſtrife—the number of the ſlain—
And in Palermo the Dictator knew
Melazzo's work remained for him alone to do.[15]

107

This is the inſpiration of the great,
The inborn reſolution of the ſtrong,
That ſets a man abreaſt with pauſeleſs Fate—
Far, far before the undecided throng
That halt to dream and ponder on a wrong
Before they ſtrike to right it. Like the ſun,
He holds his courſe, nor weighs his purpoſe long:
To pauſe is half to fail. Great works begun
Can know no reſting-place until the work be done.

108

And he is with them! Victory with him
Hath ſped acroſs the mountains and is here—
Here, where the foe are gathered, and where grim
Melazzo's citadel o'er plain and mere
Frowns on their ſlender columns. He is near!
What though Meſſina's ſtrength, but half confeſt,
Outnumbers theirs ſix-fold? They proudly rear
His ſtandard, and await the coming teſt
That ſhall declare if they or royal ſlaves be beſt,

109

On the free battle-field. The ſummer morn
Peeps o'er the mountain-tops. The dewy ſod
Trembles with flowers, lonely, not forlorn,
In ſolitudes where men have ſeldom trod,
And where the ſlender ſtems, dew-laden, nod—
Kiſſing their ſhadows. Drifting o'er the ſea,
The ſun comes forth from ocean as a God;
Wrapped in ſea-robes of regal purple, he
Comes from the rippling deep to ſhine o'er mount and lea.

110

And is it well to ſtain the tender graſs
And drown the flowers in blood, and hand to hand
Die, rolled together in the mountain-paſs
In hate's laſt wild embrace? Is this free band,
Here met to fall or to maintain its ſtand,
A troop of martyr-heroes? Surely, yes,
Think of the horrors of this tortured land!
Think! yeſterday they were! And then confeſs,
Ye who cry "Peace!" no true-born men could well do
leſs,

111

Than theſe men have done. Let the morning ſhine,
This is no ſhame the orb of day doth ſee!
He never yet beheld men more divine
Than when they die to ſet their brothers free.
Has he not looked on hopeleſs miſery?
And ſmiles he not on thoſe who would redeem
The ſorrows of their ſiſters? What! ſhall he,
Who ſhone on Marathon, withhold his beam
From theſe whoſe deeds recall that old and hallowed dream?

112

Where by Melazzo many roads are met
And form one centre, had the foe arrayed
His forces. There his riflemen were ſet
In gardens covered by the olive's ſhade,
And trailing vines whoſe verdant garlands made
An ambuſh whence they ſcattered death unſeen—
Divided here, the guns, upon whoſe aid
Boſco relied for victory, between
The loopholed walls peeped from the foliage green.

113

Here, ſtrong in a concentric battle-ground,
The foe was gathered. Then Sicilia's might,
Half formed of peaſants from the country round,
And their free leaders, met beneath the light,
And ſet themſelves in order for the fight.
The left by Malenchini led—a band
Of Tuſcans and recruits. Then on the right,
At Arelis, Fabrizo took his ſtand,
While Malenchini ſkirted by the ocean ſtrand.[16]

114

Advancing on Melazzo's guarded town,
The centre, by Medici marſhalled, bent
Its way to meet the right, ſtill bearing down
Upon Melazzo. Santa Lucia ſent
One more battalion, while from Miri went
Medici's brave Lombardian troops; thus they
Went forth to meet their enemies, content
To die to ſwell the glory of the day,
And from his lateſt ſtrongholds drive the foe away.

115

But ere they parted, thus their leader's heart
Burſt forth into the muſic of the ſcene;
And with that unpremeditated art,
Which in ſuch natures ever ſleeps ſerene,
Cradling the poet 'neath the warrior's mien,
He wove the glorious moment in a ſong,
Whoſe clear notes rang the open ranks between;
Fuſing new ardour in the ardent throng
Until the ſtrongeſt there felt more than ever ſtrong:

" Deſcendants of the Roman age!
Your foes ſhall fly before your rage,
Since God is with the war ye wage
For life and liberty.
He, 'neath the thunder of whoſe breath,
Ere Iſrael's ſword had left its ſheath,
The fierce Aſſyrian ſunk in death,
Shall fight and watch for ye.

" Then by that paſt whoſe days are flown,
By that fair future all your own,
By yonder Deſpot's falling throne,
Italia ſhall be free!
By all your kinſmen foully ſlain,
By every tortured priſoner's pain,
By every vow believed in vain,
Onward for victory!

" Your ſhivered chains re-forged ſhall make
The ſwords which other chains ſhall break;
Your concentrated might ſhall ſhake
The tyrant from his throne.

The land your God hath made ſo fair,
He made not for the foe to ſhare,
And will not ye ſome danger dare
To claim and keep your own?

"But ſhould there live amidſt thy ſons,
One traitor who the conflict ſhuns,
One wretch who fears the foeman's guns,
No ſoldier ſhall he be.
Leave him his diſtaff! Let him fly
From thoſe who ſtrike for Italy,
And hold it little loſs to die,
So that they periſh free.

"Sleepers, awake! Show other lands,
The Roman ſword within your hands
Can ring old muſic round your ſtrands,
As when the eagles ſpread
Their wings above the Eaſtern dome,
O'er Afric's ſands, o'er Britain's home,
Till all the world was only—Rome!
And they have called ye dead,

" Theſe conquerors of yeſterday,
O'er whom thine Emperors held ſway,
Deſpiſing their barbaric prey,
In centuries gone by.
Oh, ſons of glory, riſe! Once more
Be what ye were in days of yore,
And from the mountain to the ſhore
Re-conquer Italy!"

116

At dawn the columns ſtarted, and ere long[17]
The earlieſt ſhots were heard. Upon the beach
The foe's artillery poured amid the throng
With terrible effect. Within the reach
Of cannon mouths that peeped through every breach
In the long garden walls, the troops advanced
And gained the gardens, where each, hid from each—
Fighting with phantom foes whoſe bullets glanced
From out their leafy cover—ſtruck where'er he chanced.

117

And he, the Leader, where was he? Where'er
The fight was thickeſt and the danger moſt;
Where'er there was ſome reckleſs chance to dare,
Some peril paſt all perils, which might coſt
His life who ſhould eſſay it—here the hoſt
Was led by Garibaldi! He was not
In one place, but a hundred places—loſt
Now for an inſtant—riſing on ſome ſpot [ſhot.
Where none looked to behold him, 'neath the ſtorms of

118

He was the ſpirit of the fight, although
Medici's orders marſhalled all the men.
His was the ſoul that prompted every blow;
He was amidſt the battling centre, when
The tidings came the left was threatened, then
Taking the ſole reſerve, in the command
Of Colonel Dunne, he flew to turn again
The tide of victory—and with this ſmall band,
Half Engliſh, half Italian, fought them hand to hand.

119

Onward they hurried, though the cannon ſwept
The road before them — firſt to croſs the wall
An Engliſh ſailor through the mêlee ſtept
And ſeized a gun; when roſe the frantic call,
Whoſe ſound the younger troops could ſtill appal,
"Cavalry! Cavalry!" They ſpring aſide
Opening the way, where, trampling over all,
The Chaſſeurs a Cheval in triumph ride,
And threaten once again to ſtem the battle's tide.

120

Sabring to right and left, they tried to gain
The gun and to recapture it. Then roſe,
Recovering, the infantry — and vain
The waſted efforts of their mounted foes;
Thick fell on either ſide the clanging blows
Emptying the ſaddles. Few remained to fly
After that rapid conflict's bloody cloſe;
Thoſe, Garibaldi met on foot, none nigh
Save Miſſori, to ſhare the hard-won victory.

121

Alone, with ſword in hand, acroſs the way
He flung himſelf, there where the Chaſſeurs rode—
Holding the flying chargers all at bay,
Deſpite their frenzied rider's frantic goad;
Ere well Miſſori could his piſtols load,
He bade the foe ſurrender — but in vain;
In fierce defiance of each warlike code
The captain ſtruck at him — he ſeized the rein,
And parrying clove the traitor's creſted helm in twain.

122

With one more effort of his conquering arm —
Miſſori ſlew the others, and ſo brief
The ſanguinary conteſt, no alarm
Spread through the ranks, although awhile their chief
Stood in ſuch peril. One more laurel leaf
Was gathered here to grace his laden brow;
But who ſhall doubt there fell a ſhade of grief
E'en o'er this victory, he remembering how
Theſe were his countrymen his proweſs had laid low?

123

This fired the troops upon the left, who came
Up with the centre; but the hardeſt part
Of this hard ſtruggle yet remained, and Fame,
That lauds the brilliant ſtroke—the Captain's art,
May here ſet down the ſoldier's dauntleſs heart,
The changeleſs purpoſe of the meaneſt there,
Th' indomitable ſpirit, which the dart
Of Death could not extinguiſh, but would glare
Out of the glazing eyes of thoſe he would not ſpare

124

Here, hand to hand for weary hours they ſtrove;
Here was it brave Migliavacca fell,
In the mad torrent of the fight, where love
Stays not to ſound the parting ſpirit's knell—
The battle-field one wild, chaotic hell;—
On poured the Cacciatori, in whoſe graſp
The bayonets did their fatal purpoſe well,
Here, ſword in hand, entwined in War's fell claſp,
They ſmile hate's horrid ſmile to mark the dying gaſp.

125

There, where the thicket's ſhades were darkeſt, ruſhed,
Driving the foe before, the Genoeſe;
From many a fearleſs breaſt the life-blood guſhed,
Shot by the Regii hid beneath the trees.
Mad with wild rage againſt ſuch foes as theſe,
Who flew their comrades from the olive's ſhade,
Onward they ſprang upon their prey to ſeize,
Caſting aſide the muſket for the blade,
They broke through ſcattered vines 'neath which the ſlain were laid.

126

And charging, 'gainſt their Captain's orders, gained
A loopholed wall, from which the pelting ſhot,
Now grape, now caniſter, above them rained.
On ſped they towards ſome vulnerable ſpot,
But only neared the guns, whoſe mouths their hot
Death vomited upon them. Still defying,
They leapt upon the foe, who waited not
Their bayonets, but to their ſtronghold flying
Left the abandoned ground whereon their dead were lying.

127

The day was won—Melazzo's fight was o'er!
Here the falſe Deſpot's braveſt ſoldiers fell:
And, ſadly ſailing from the fatal ſhore,
Boſco returned, the dire defeat to tell.
Here, buried Tyranny's departing knell
Was toiled in War's hoarſe thunder: ſhivered here
The laſt link in the chain. From citadel,
Barrack, and fortreſs, the troops diſappear,
And glad Meſſina ſees the Conqueror draw near,

128

And as a city riſing from the dead,
Moſt lovely in her reſurrection, wakes
From ſimulated apathy, for dread
Had ſealed her people's lips; but now ſhe breaks
The ſpell that bound her ſilence, till ſhe ſhakes
The welkin with the tempeſt of her bliſs:
"Oh, thou Redeemer, for our children's ſakes,
The foot that trampled tyranny we kiſs,—
Proud but to kneel about thee in an hour like this!"

129

They gather round: the love they ſcarce can ſpeak
Is eloquent in ſobs and outcries wild;
Warm glows the rapture in each ſouthern cheek,
The ſtrong man weeping with the little child,—
The weak grown ſtrong,—the ſterneſt ſoldier mild
As the pleaſed infant he lifts up to ſee
The glory round the hero! Undefiled
By coarſer prizes, theſe,—yes, theſe ſhall be,
O Joſeph Garibaldi, Heaven's reward to thee!

130

God, and not man, thy paymaſter. He pays
Thy love by love! A reſcued people's tears,—
The very children's voices liſping praiſe,—
Theſe be thy tribute! Through the lengthening years,
When beautified by diſtance, worth appears
Lovelier as more remote, thy name ſhall riſe,
And by man's ignorance fading in theſe ſpheres,
In cloudleſs majeſty adorn the ſkies,—
Thou counted with the Gods in Time's adoring eyes!

131

Thy ſtory blended with the mythic deeds
Of old Homeric heroes; ſo, the Earth,
Through all her varying phaſes, changing creeds,
Shall yet retain the record of thy worth,
Part of her poetry; and in the dearth
Of others like to thee, thy fame ſhall ſhine,
Till poets frame a fable for thy birth,—
The ſupernatural with the true entwine,
And ſay, thou hadſt not been, hadſt thou not been divine!

132

Land of the Bloody Veſpers! can it be
Thy wrongs, thy ſufferings are as things gone by?
Regenerate, reorganiſed, and free,
How ſhall we know thee, ſunny Sicily,
Inveſted in this crown of liberty,
One man's deep love hath won for thee! We gaze
Backward o'er many a painful century,
And ſee again thine old heroic days,
When every legend told, thy lord, Count Roger's praiſe.

133

Or further back: the Greek uſurps thy ſoil,
And lords it in thy Syracuſan ſtreet;
The claſſic tyrant makes thy wealth his ſpoil,
And Athens prays aſſiſtance of thy fleet
To cruſh the Perſian; while the heathen meet
Within thy temples, and thy market-place
Is buſy with the helots' hurrying feet,
While gazing on each dark and glowing face
The ſtranger marks thy citizens' Hellenic race.

134

For lovely from the firſt, thou wert the prize
Graſping ambition yearned to ſeize upon:
When Etna's earlieſt thunders met the ſkies,
And mocked with fiercer fires the blazing ſun,
Thy ſod was trampled and thy ſtrife begun:
The Carthaginian's mercenary horde,
On that great day when Salamis was won,
Met on thy ſoil ſtern Syracuſa's lord,
And fled before the might of Gelon's vengeful ſword.

135

Again the Carthaginian fought thy ſtrand
And found thee—as thou wert but yeſterday,
Ill governed, diſunited, through the land
War's ravage ſpread, Selinus owned his ſway;
Yielding Himera ſwelled the invaders' prey,
When, haſtening to thee with his ſlender fleet,
Mooring his triremes in Meſſana's bay,
Hermocrates returned thy foes to meet,
And die by Faction's hand in Syracuſa's ſtreet.

136

In later years Count Roger gave thee laws,
Thy Norman conſtitution was thy boaſt,
Thy voice was loudeſt then in Freedom's cauſe,
Till Benevento's blood-ſtained field was loſt,
And Manfred ſlain amidſt the fallen hoſt.
Then by the Roman hierarch wert thou given,
A prey to the fierce Angevin, tumult-toſt;
Till on one dreadful night thy bonds were riven,
And thy loud Veſpers roſe to tell thy wrongs to Heaven.

137

The Spaniard ruled thee. In Palermo's fane,
The Auſtrian Cæſar pledged his faith to thee,
And kept his vow. Nor Charles' nor Philip's reign
Saw thy laws broken. Beautiful and free
Wert thou among the nations, Sicily,
When, for thy ſins of ages, on thee fell
God's wrath, incarnate in the Bourbon, he
Who rang in blood thy boaſted Freedom's knell,
Until thy woes wrung pity from the deeps of Hell.

138

The wanderers by the Styx might pity thee,
For they deſerved their tortures, thou didſt not,
Abandoned to the ſtudied cruelty
Of thy firſt Ferdinand, whoſe follies blot
Even a Bourbon ſcutcheon. Unforgot
Thy new Commodus vending peaſants wine;
Leaving his wife to ſcheme, to kill, to plot,
Till execration learned to intertwine
His hated name with that of Auſtrian Caroline.

139

And ſhe, thy female ſcourge, than man more vile,
Peopled thy ſhores with ſpy and paraſite,
Lured thee to ruin with her fatal ſmile;
Until her little hand, ſo lovely white,
Was dreaded as the deadlieſt to ſmite.
An exile from thine outraged ſhores ſhe died,
And ſtill they tell the horrors of the night,
When, ſtricken in her blind unpitying pride,
Her vile heart broke to find her blood-ſtained claims denied.

140

And freed from her, ſo ſtrong in hope wert thou,
Thou deem'dſt thou might'ſt be happier — to find
Another foot upon thy neck, to bow
To a new tyrant, eager but to bind
Thy chains afreſh, and to the wandering wind
Fling princely promiſes. "How long, O Lord!
Have we not ſuffered, yet have been reſigned;
This ſecond Ferdinand had we adored,
But when we preſſed around, he met us with his ſword."

141

Thy ſin has been thy guileleſsneſs; the baſe
Won thee with lies to ſheathe thine eager blade:
Meſſina's devaſtated market-place,—
Her palaces—her lovely temples laid
In ruins o'er the ſpot that once they made
Sicilia's glory,—in ſuch ſigns as theſe,
The hand that only terror ever ſtayed
Wrote its eternal ſhame. Thine agonies
Brief by man's laſting ſcorn for thy vile enemies.

142

And thou art free! Shall all in this be ſaid,
And wilt thou not be glorious beſide?—
By all thy patriots numbered with the dead,—
By all thy youngeſt ſons who proudly died,
And drifting down the ſwift and darkening tide,
In the loud clamour of the hurrying fight,
The hot blood guſhing from the wounded ſide,—
Still held thine image in their ſouls, ſo bright,
Its ſplendour drowned the darkneſs of approaching night.

143

If not for thoſe who live, for they who fell,
Be glorious, oh, Sicilia! Yes, for thoſe
Who loved thee in thy miſery ſo well,
They deemed thee dearer, with thy crown of woes,
Than happier iſlands crowned with flowers! rank grows
The graſs above Melazzo's graves. Oh, how
Wilt thou not break thy patriot's repoſe,
If thou ſhouldſt fail to grace thy glory now,
Or tarniſh the new laurels gathered for thy brow!

144

Thine hour has dawned, Italia! Long and late
This wondrous morning, but behold the beam!
Seize, ere it turn, the flood-tide of thy fate,
And drift to glory down the ruſhing ſtream.
Thou haſt but to drift backward. Did men deem
Thou couldſt not be again what thou haſt been,
Or hadſt ſo fallen in thine own eſteem,
Since on the confines of the world was ſeen
The grandeur of thine Imperator's haughty mien?

145

And ſhall thy modern ſtandard wave o'er deeds
Leſs glorious than thine eagles ſaw of yore;
Or ſhall the Pontine Marſhes' trembling reeds
Never by warlike feet be trampled more?
Hath glory fled from Thraſymene's ſhore,
Though hoſts of heroes ſleep beſide her waves?
Hath Rome forgot to wield the ſword ſh e bore?
Is her ſoul buried in her children's graves?
And ſhall the Cæſars' duſt be trod by prieſtly ſlaves?

146

And wilt thou only, while the reſt are free,
Still wear thy fetters? Still forbear to break
The bands that hold thy ſtrength from victory;
Wilt thou ſtill carry for tradition's ſake
The chains thou needſt but to ariſe, to ſhake
From off thy loins? Oh, thou, of old ſublime,
Wilt thou of all be lateſt to awake,
And in new-born Italia's modern prime,
Wilt thou alone recoil from the proud march of Time?

147

Shall all the world be glorious—yet thou,
Thou mother of all glory, wilt thou ſtand
Aloof to watch the laurels from thy brow
Fall to be gathered by a meaner hand?
Shall deeds once thine, uplift a lower land?
Ariſe and cry aloud, "Emmanuel, come!
Peal the loud blaſt along the Tiber's ſtrand,
Sound thy war-trumpets 'neath St. Peter's dome,
Till the old days return and Rome again be Rome."

148

Italians! Brief as bright has been your glory,
Ye have recalled the old heroic days,
And better pens than mine will leave to ſtory,
Your modern triumphs, your new blooming bays:
To me your deeds are ſo above all praiſe,
My heart's throb ſtays the hand with which I write;
But with the million voices mine I raiſe,
And ſhape that magic word for thee, "Unite!"
Let one heart prompt the blow, though every arm may ſmite.

149

"To-day be ſoldiers, ye ſhall be to-morrow
Free citizens of a free land," he ſaid,
Whoſe heart turned to thee in thine hour of ſorrow,
Who by Ticino's wave his legions led,
And ſtruck the blaſt that raiſed thee from the dead.
The world would have thee doubt him — it may be
Inſcrutable the workings of that head;
But if his precepts help ye to be free,
Count ſomething his this Pallas-birth of Liberty.

150

And he who has redeemed thee — he has riſen
So far beyond man's greatneſs, words were vain!
The vacant throne — the ſunlight in the priſon
Streaming through open doors — the ſhivered chain —
The long farewell to Francis and to pain,—
The ſhattered wheel, which erſt, to wide Earth's ſhame,
Marked in the judgment-hall the Bourbon's reign,—
Theſe be the only records of his fame,
Since titles would but mar the Liberator's name!

151

Princes and Emperors have been before,
And have been ſcourges. He ſhall ſtand alone,
As one who on men's lips no title bore,
But graved his name a nation's heart upon!
All baſer circlets may his brow diſown,
Heavy with garlands he himſelf hath weaved:
Lo, when his ſum of victory is done,
Only by kingly hands ſhall be received
That ſword whoſe blade Italia's Freedom hath achieved.

152

Let that, Emmanuel, be thy taliſman,
And double glory glimmer on the blade,—
Italia's conqueſts may be but begun;
As ſwiftly as th' immortal blue-eyed maid
Sprang forth in armèd majeſty arrayed,
So ſuddenly Italian freedom ſprings,
Jove-born, triumphant! Let this new decade
Replume the Roman eagle's ſhivered wings,
Thou, firſt of a long line of free Italian kings!

153

And mightier than the Roman potentate,
Whoſe wide dominion was the world, be thou,
Who from thy boyhood, by an inſtinct great,
Shalt reap the laurels ſown ſo long ago,
And wear them ere the wrinkles line thy brow.—
Oh, dream of glory! Every bygone ſlight
The land ere ſuffered, is avengèd now!
Once more ſhe claims her long-abandoned right,
And bids the world allow her re-eſtabliſhed might.

154

What ſhall be ſaid of her? Why, only this:
Too long ſhe ſlept,—this ſhould have been before.
Oh, waſted centuries, though new-born bliſs
Laughs through the land to change to tears no more,
Long ere to-day her tears ſhould have been o'er!
Her champions had not come to her. They came,—
The deathleſs peal reſounded on the ſhore,
And echoed in the mountains!—Wrong and ſhame
Melted like ſnow before the blaze of Freedom's flame!

155

Were theſe the people men had called — debaſed?
Was this the land the world had chriſtened — dead?
Too long by prieſtly tyrannies defaced,
Too long enchained by the baſe hands they fed,
Too many a year that ſhould have freed them fled,
Their name become a byword: — they aroſe, —
Shook off the ſtupor of long years, and, led
By the inſpired Leaders whom they choſe,
Bore down with one great truth the lies of all their foes.

156

That truth is one inſtinctive yearning, which
Uſurps each heart, and beats in every breaſt.
What! Did God make this lovely land ſo rich,
To be by aliens to the ſoil poſſeſſed?
One anſwer ſets all queſtionings at reſt;
Italia, to be mighty, muſt be one,
North, ſouth, and eaſt, the centre and the weſt,
Each yearns to each; the work is but begun;
The ſoldier-king's wide love can ſpare no freeborn ſon.

157

Not one! While Auſtria holds a rood, a ſtain
Sullies the luſtre of th' Italian ſhield.
Emmanuel, thine the glory to regain
The ſceptre an Auguſtus ſighed to wield:
Lo, Victory calls thee to the conquering field,
Thou, the elect of man's unerring ſoul,
Thou who the wounds of ages paſt haſt healed,
Around thee ſhall the Imperial purple roll,
The crown lies at thy feet, ſo near thee is the goal.

158

Till thou art crowned in Rome, we wait, we wait;
Through the dim future glorious ſhadows loom:
Onward! with Fortune for thine handmaid, Fate
Thy ſlave, cries, "Haſten!" all the Gods ſhout,
Since firſt they ſet our images in Rome ["Come!
Till now, we have not ſeen ſuch glory." Light
A thouſand lamps to gem St. Peter's dome,
And throne thyſelf beneath them, on thy right
Let him ſtand whoſe great deeds have led thee to thy might.

159

And earth ſhall hold than this heroic twain
No greater heroes. Oh, immortal end!
Children, ye have not wept or bled in vain!
O King! O Father! and thou more than friend,
Who deem'dſt thy life too ſmall a thing to ſpend,
And therefore gave thine all for Italy!—
Your double glories in one halo blend:
Plant the three colours and the croſs on high,
Ye glorious authors of Italian Liberty!

NOTES TO GARIBALDI.

Note 1. Page 12.

They gathered in the ſtillneſs of the night.

"THEY aſſembled in a beautiful night at a villa on the ſea-ſhore, at ſome leagues from Genoa. They were, I am told, about two thouſand in number; but what is certain is, that all the alleys of the immenſe garden were filled with volunteers, who moved down to the beach laden with muſkets and caſes of ammunition, which they placed on board boats for conveyance to the veſſels in the offing, and all this without a word being ſpoken, except a few neceſſary orders, given almoſt in a whiſper."—*Letter in the Opinion Nationale.*

Note 2. Page 18.

Trapani, Corleone, ſent their ſons.

"Scarce had the news of his [Garibaldi's] landing ſpread, when the bands from Trapani, Corleone, and one or two other places joined."—*Times*

NOTE 3. Page 18.

Forth from Marſala comes the ſwelling hoſt.

"The road from Marſala, after paſſing Salerni, deſcends one of thoſe long, terraced plateaux, which are a characteriſtic feature of this part of Sicily, and, after croſſing a little valley, riſes up the other plateau, where Calata Fimi is ſituate."—*Times.*

NOTE 4. Page 19.

The Squadri ſhuddering o'er their brothers ſlain.

Squadri (bands) of piccioli (youngſters).

NOTE 5. Page 20.

And Parterico ſaw theſe Regii fly.

The Neapolitan ſoldiery were called by the Sicilians "Regii."

NOTE 6. Page 21.

With the ſtrong voice whoſe every tone is fate.

"The Secret Committee informed Garibaldi that Palermo was ready to riſe, but it impoſed the condition that he ſhould appear before the gates of the town."—*Times.*

NOTE 7. Page 24.

Illuſtrious land that midſt thy champions numbers ſuch.

"Colonel Turr, the Hungarian; Colonel Bixio, of the Chaſſeurs of the Alps; Colonel Carini, alſo of that corps. . . . The ſon of Daniel Manin, wounded in the thigh."—*Special Correſpondent of The Times.*

NOTE 8. Page 29.

Turkori, firſt to croſs the barricade.

"Major Turkoni, and three of the guides, were the firſt acroſs the ſand-bag barricade in the town, but the leader was wounded by a ſhot, which ſhattered his left knee."—*Ibid.*

NOTE 9. Page 29.

Within the market-place unharmed he ſtands.

"Cloſe to the Porta di Termini is the Vecchia Fiera, the old market place. This was the firſt place where Garibaldi ſtopped. One muſt know theſe Sicilians to have an idea of the frenzy, ſcreaming, ſhouting, crying, and hugging; all would kiſs his hand, and embrace his knees. Every moment brought new maſſes, which debouched in troops from one of the ſtreets, anxious to have their turn."—*Ibid.*

NOTE 10. Page 34.

Ere noon Palermo is well-nigh their own.

"The entrance was effected about half-paſt 5 A.M. (27th of May), and by noon more than one-half of the town was clear of the troops. But two hours before this was effected the citadel had opened its fire on the town. About noon or ſo the ſhips in the harbour opened their fire, and between the two they contrived to deſtroy a great number of houſes in the lower part of the town, killing and wounding a large number of people of all ages and both ſexes. Two of the large ſhells were ſent right into the hoſpital, and exploded in one of the wards. Everywhere you perceived ruins and conflagrations, dead and wounded, not a few of whom muſt have periſhed among the ruins of their houſes."—*Ibid.*

NOTE 11. Page 36.

There, where a fountain babbles to the ſky.

"The General himſelf is repoſing on the platform which ſurrounds the large fountain in the Piazza del Pretorio, where the Committee is ſitting *en permanence.*"—*The Times' Correſpondent.*

NOTE 12. Page 42.

"*The Waſhington of Italy.*"

"The Waſhington of Italy is conſolidating his conqueſt."—*The Times, Leading Article.*

NOTE 13. Page 44.

The priſoners meet their friends.

"Seven political priſoners, who were detained in the Caſtellamare as hoſtages, until the laſt of the Neapolitan troops had departed from Palermo. The releaſed priſoners, all young men from twenty to thirty, went up, together with their families, to thank their Liberator. He embraced them all round, and was himſelf ſo overcome with emotion that he could ſcarcely utter a word, and ſoon after withdrew."—*The Times' Correſpondent.*

NOTE 14. Page 53.

Rebellious Barcellona's ſhattered wall.

"Boſco had boaſted that he would drive Medici's troops into the ſea, and deſtroy Barcellona, the head-quarters of the revolution in the province of Meſſina."—*Ibid.*

NOTE 15. Page 54.

Melazzo's work remained for him alone to do.

"Garibaldi, apprifed by telegraph of the ftate of things, took one of thofe fudden refolutions, dictated by inipiration, which fhows bolder than anything elfe his genius as a military commander. He faw that there was a chance of ftriking a great blow, and a few hours were fufficient to conceive, mature, and carry out his plans. Entrufting General Sirtori, the chief of his ftaff, with full powers as pro-Dictator, he united whatever he could collect in men, put them on board the City of Aberdeen, a Britifh fteamer, which had been freighted, embarked with his ftaff, and, with a reinforcement of about 1200 men, was the next morning, the 19th of July, at Patti, where he difembarked, and marched on to Meri."—*Ibid.*

NOTE 16. Page 57.

While Malenchini ftirted by the ocean ftrand.

"The left, under the command of Colonel Malenchini, confifting of two battalions of Tufcans and a battalion of Palermitans, was to advance on the road clofe to the fea-fhore, and go right at the town of Melazzo. The centre, under the orders of Medici, and compofed of his 1ft Regiment of four battalions—all old troops, fome from Lombardy—was to advance by the direct road from Miri; one battalion of the 2d Regiment was to take the main road to Meffina, ftarting from Corioli, and was to be joined by the battalion from St. Lucia. The centre and right were to unite by the crofs-road neareft to Melazzo, and then work up their way united towards Melazzo. A body of Sicilians, under Colonel Fabrizi, was to take pofition on the extreme right at Arelis, fo as to oppofe any attempt made from Geffo to affift the force at Melazzo. A fecond line and referve, the troops arrived with Garibaldi, were placed together with the troops that had come up with Cofenz."—*Ibid.*

NOTE 17. Page 61.

At dawn the columns ſtarted.

"Melazzo. At dawn the columns ſtarted, and by 6 A.M. the firſt firing was heard upon the left."

NOTE 18. Page 67.

"Oh, thou Redeemer, for our children's ſakes!"

"I can find no words to deſcribe the ovations that are given to Garibaldi. Imagine a long-expected Meſſiah greeted by the people he has delivered,—the heart of the whole people poured out before the man of the people, who feels and lives with the life of the maſſes! They ſeem at his aſpect to feel inſtinctively a being who thoroughly comprehends them, and who loves them, even with all their weakneſs and all their faults, and who has ſacrificed his life to their redemption. . . . People, reaſſured about the future, are returning; the ſtreets, which I left two months ago dead and ſilent, are thronged and noiſy. It is all life where I left death."—*The Times' Correſpondent.*

OLIVIA.

IN all the room, in all the crowd,
She was the centre and the ſtar;
They flocked around her from afar,
The rich, the noble, and the proud.
They hung around her chair,—they bent
Low o'er the light and flowing hair,
That waved upon the heated air,
And made an atmoſphere of ſcent.

She was all falſehood,—not a glance
Whoſe aim ſhe could not calculate;
To every ſmile ſhe lent a weight,
Whoſe power ſhe meaſured in advance:
And if you were a younger ſon,
But ſeldom were you ſhone upon.

But I was rich, had rank, had power,—
All that ſhe played for in the game
Of life; and ſhe without a dower,
Without high birth or honoured name—
She, with the world to loſe or win,
Fair heaven without, black hell within,—
She met me in my early youth,
And laid all at my feet—but truth.

I half doubt if ſhe ever heard
Of earneſt thought, or truthful word;
She may, perhaps, have ſomewhere read,
How it ſometime by one was ſaid,

In darker ages people ſpoke
Truths that upon the nations broke
Like a ſtrange kind of thunder,— new
To terror almoſt, being true.

The atmoſphere in which ſhe dwelt
Made up of ſhams unto the core,
You might have ſearched for evermore
For one true heart. Although there knelt
In many a church, at many a ſhrine,
A ſeeming crowd of the devout,
Believing not enough to doubt,
Ready to call the God, Divine,
Who is the world's, and thine, and mine;
The faſhion of the day, and worn
As lightly as we wear our dreſs,—
Nay, with far leſs of earneſtneſs.
In this ſham world, a liſtleſs ſcorn
Curled on each lip, drooped in each eye,
Enough for them the hours went by,
Morn roſe on night, night followed morn;

And on the ſcene o'er which they paſt
Dropped Death's green curtain at the laſt.

It was from theſe I choſe to take my fate :
I choſe ?—Pſhaw ! Was I not from the firſt glance
A puppet in the hands I knew too late ?
Was it my pleaſure when ſhe made me dance ?
Had I from her (I will not call my wife,
Although for many years ſhe bore that name,
Until ſhe dragged it down to ſuch ill-fame,
I learned of later days to ſay, "My ſhame !")—
Had I from her, Olivia, in my life,
One word that made me happy, or one ſmile
I drank, not drinking poiſon all the while ?
By all my ſoul, not one ! For if ſhe ſmiled,
I knew the falſehood even when beguiled.
I knew her falſehood ?—Nay, I did not *know ;*
I *felt* that ſhe was falſe—God warns us ſo !

Her waving hair upon the ſouthern breeze
Floated a golden veil that reached her knees ;

Her eyes, a clear and ſcintillating blue,
Had every lovely look, and not one true;
Her Grecian features delicately fine,
Her ſlender figure like the mountain pine,
Swaying before the ſtorm with fragile grace;
And all the Naples' ſunlight in her face.

It was in Italy I ſaw her firſt,—
Moment for evermore to hold accurſt!
With every glory of the ſlanting ray
That tinged the ſleeping ſhadows on the bay;
With every ſouthern air, and leaf, and flower,
That made the paſſing picture of the hour,—
Where every hour is as a painter's dream,
With Claude Lorraine ſurpaſſed in every beam.

I, with my tutor, in the Italian ſtreet
Stood, off the track of the ſwift-paſſing feet
Of citizen and peaſant. Went and came
A guſt of bells upon the crimſon flame

That ſhrined the death-bed of the waning day :
They went—theſe Neapolitans, to pray ;
Their Ave Marias through the open doors
We heard, and ſhadowy on the marble floors
Could ſee the kneeling figure and bent head,
Praying the interceſſion of the dead !
The town and bay all bluſhed one roſy red,
When ſhe on horſeback by her father's ſide,
Returning from ſome lengthened evening ride,
Came up the ſtreet. The glory in her eyes
Shone back that other ſun in the low ſkies :
She ſhook more ſunſhine from her wavy hair
And ſeemed to be all light. Yes, ſhe was fair ;
But hers a beauty that eſcapes all words.
We cannot paint the ſinging of the birds,
Though we may paint the branch on which they ſing,
And every light and ſhadow on their wing.
So I might ſet her eyes down in a book,
But have no power to tranſlate one look
With which her ſoul ſhone out of them. I think
I knew I ſtood that night upon the brink

Of fate and life. She filled the ſtreet, ſhe grew
Out of the ſky, it ſeemed, and filled that too.
The world was only her, when once ſhe came
Through purple ſhadows into crimſon flame;
She was the picture, all the earth the frame,
Worthleſs without the picture — words are lame
And impotent to tell the tender ſadneſs,
Which made the firſt phaſe of my life's great madneſs.

I learned her pedigree. Well, it was not
A noble lineage from which ſhe ſprang.
One anceſtor was —— but I quite forgot
His fate, while bending o'er her as ſhe ſang.
Another died in —— Pſhaw! had theſe but been
The only blots upon her name! The ſcene
On which ſhe'd played the drama of her life,
Had been in every ſtage of worldly ſtrife.
Her father, one of thoſe the harſh world names
"Adventurers!" and tolerates, and blames,
As ſomething which in cheating may amuſe,
And is, with other villanies, of uſe.

His ſalon held each night a motley crowd,
Where play was high, and oaths were ſometimes loud.
This was his daughter's court, and ſhe a queen,
Eager for homage e'en in ſuch a ſcene.

Eaſy to gain an entrance to the ſhrine
Of her all Naples ſurnamed "the Divine."
Her father knew the wealth of my eſtate,
For ſuch a prey, his daughter faireſt bait.
Thus was I welcomed with her ſweeteſt word,
In my dazed brain ſtrange harmonies I heard
In every accent of her voice, yet knew
Even from the firſt, no tone, no word, was true.

They were French — German — Spaniſh, as ſome ſaid.
It was his will in Naples to give out
They came of a high Norman race. Long dead
Had been his wife. They wandering about,
Now here, now there, had dragged through the long years,
In every land in the two hemiſpheres.

His daughter always with him, ever fair,
Star of her father's heaven everywhere.

In ſuch an atmoſphere this flower had grown,
Small wonder that her heart had changed to ſtone,
That ſhe had come to be her father's tool,
And count each creature not a knave—a fool.
How could ſhe other be than what ſhe was,
A dark effect of a moſt hideous cauſe?
What ſhould ſhe know of honour, but to hold
That jewel, as all jewels, to be ſold
To the beſt bidder: and I knew all this,
Yet ſet her love againſt my hopes of bliſs,
And ſitting down to play the game of life,
Staked all my ſoul to win her for my wife.

I was juſt twenty, learned in a heap
Of claſſic authors no one ever read;
In mathematics I had plunged, and deep
Had waded through the logic of the dead.
What was I then to her who knew mankind,
Whoſe place in life's great ſcene had been—behind?

On whom all worldlineſs had left its taint,
Who held each virtue as a kind of paint
To hide the native vices of the earth,
And valued all the world by her own worth.

Through the wide-open windows the ſtill night
And all the ſtars ſtrove with the gariſh light
Of modern antique candelabra, ſet
On inlaid tables—ivory, marble, jet,
Parian, and malachite—o'er which was ſpread
The green cloth of the gambler's altar—red,
Now black, now red again, each changing hue,
Changing the faces of the players too.
Amongſt theſe men her father ſat, while ſhe,
In the arched caſement, talked apart with me.

The melted moonbeams trembled in her eyes,
Their light put out the ſunſhine in her hair;
Framed by the background of thoſe purple ſkies,
She leant againſt a pillar, gleaming fair

As alabaſter ſtatue, in the light
And glory of the ſoft Italian night.
Her dreſs was velvet of the emerald's hue,
Dark in the ſhade, with brightneſs breaking through
As in the facets of the precious ſtone;
O'er one white ſhoulder carelefſly was thrown
A ſhawl of lace, black as the long thick laſhes
Through which ſhone forth her blue eyes' lightning
flaſhes;
Her beauty had a ſtyle which fought from dreſs
All it could lend of pomp and gorgeouſneſs:
Diamonds, not violets, moſt adorned her face,—
Nay, flowers near her ſeemed always out of place.
White robes did not become her—gems and gold
Set off her lovelineſs—at beſt ſo cold,
At beſt ſo much a light, and not a fire,
And always leaving in the mind deſire
For ſomething—if not fairer, at leaſt, higher.

She held a ſprig of myrtle in her hand,
And leaf by leaf its lovelineſs ſhe rent;

She had a reſtleſſneſs—ſcarce diſcontent,
Hard to deſcribe as hard to underſtand:
An eagerneſs to conquer, to attain,
Quickſilver more than blood ran in each vein
Of this ſtrange creature; and ſhe ſhould have been
Some Circe of the ſeas, ſome falſe Lurline,
She would have reigned a queen, her throne of thrones
'Midſt ſhipwrecked gold and fooliſh ſeamen's bones.
Oh! how ſhe would have ſung them to their ſleep,
And lured the world down to the deadly deep;
Then laughed clear laughter through her ocean caves,
To ſee the nations rot below the waves.
I think I felt this even on that night,
Though her blue eyes drowned ſenſe and ſoul in light:
Her voice, ſtraight as the ball, ſhot through my heart,
Each word ſhe planted there becoming part
Of the dull heart it pierced; each accent ſent
A thrill, like muſic through an inſtrument,
I trembling to what harmony might pleaſe
The maſter-hand that wandered o'er the keys,
And woke from the old ſtrings new melodies.

She was three years my ſenior, and to me
A goddeſs more than woman. Still I ſee
The ſmile in the blue eyes, that ſeemed to ſay,
"He is my glove, I wear him any way,
Stretch him to any ſhape. A pliant glove,
Eaſy to bend, to lead, to pleaſe, to move,
Fooled by that paſſword of the fooliſh, Love!"

She was three years my ſenior—three! three years!
By thoſe too brilliant eyes undimmed by tears,
By that dull heart outworn for hopes or fears,
By that dark lifetime in two hemiſpheres,
By every lie her lips had learnt to ſpeak,
By every tutored bluſh upon her cheek,
Whoſe roſes ever went and came at will,
By the ſmall hand, which, flutteringly unſtill,
Could ſimulate the tremulous diſtreſs
Of love that dares not to itſelf confeſs
That it is love—By every cruel thought
That kept her brighteſt ſmiles back to be bought,

And would her life, and ſoul, and mind have ſet
Againſt the winning of a coronet;
By theſe, and by a thouſand falſehoods, ſhe
Was as my elder by a century!

What was I but her puppet, then? She held
The ſtrings. Each mad, impaſſioned thought that welled
Up from my heart (and which my words were poor
To render in one ſentence—I adore,
Adore you, my Olivia) ſhe could read,
Count every drop my tortured heart might bleed
While ſhe played out her comedy; and mark
Each change from grave to gay, from light to dark,
In her ſnared bird. "Lord Reginald," ſhe ſaid,
"You've all the world to anſwer when you wed;
I am no mate for you. Seek ancient blood,
And beauty that can date back to the flood,
Tracing its pedigree through all the ages;
I have no ſtory in Burke's ſacred pages.
My father is a Frenchman; they do ſay
That we were great in Normandy one day,
Before the Revolution ſwept away

High heads, and ſpilt the beſt blood in the land.
Or drove its children to a foreign ſtrand,
To ſeek what they had never ſought before—
Their daily bread within the ſtranger's door.
But I'm no wife for you. Your noble breaſt,
With all its wealth of love and truth confeſt,
Is not for me! Nay, better ſo—far beſt
That we ſhould part." She turned away her face
To hide the tear ſhe did *not* ſhed. The lace,
Through which her ſhoulders glittened ivory white,
Trembled upon the warm air of the night.
"My ſoul! Olivia! not the wife for me;
Show me that other, whoſoe'er ſhe be,
As worthy for a monarch. Angels came
From heaven once, and pledged their ſouls of flame
'Gainſt mortal maidens' hearts. So runs the tale,
I once believed; but now belief doth fail
In the old legend: for could angels be
Seduced to earth, they would deſcend to thee."
Her ſilver laugh rang clear upon the air,
Like muſic ſtruck from glaſs. Upon my hair

She laid her little hand, and idly twined
Her fingers in the tangles that the wind
Had made of my brown curls. "My fooliſh boy,
You will forget me!" "Yes, with all the joy
And pain called living; when my lateſt breath
Flutters beneath the ſtifling hand of Death!
Ah, deareſt, lying in my laſt, low bed,
Your image melting out of heart and head,
I then ſhall know that I, indeed, am dead!"

She plumbed my ſoul down to its loweſt deep,
The while her ſweet words rocked my mind to ſleep;
Sounding this ſea of love that ſpread ſo faſt,
To find out if its ſtormy ſtrength would laſt.
She had been woo'd a hundred times before,
Had heard all voices ſpeak that word, "Adore!"
Some of theſe old admirers had been poor,
Some had been wary, and had read her through;
Some like myſelf—poor fools!—had been all true,
But had been ſickened by her want of truth,
And gone to ſeek leſs beauty, freſher youth;

Some had ſhrunk back before her father's ſhame,
Though not one ſhadow reſted on her fame,
And left her ſtill to bear the branded name ;
But none had been ſo rich a prize as I,
Or ſo far gone in love's fatuity.

I was an only ſon — an earldom's heir,
Heir to eſtates as wide as they were fair ;
Olivia's father, trickſter, gameſter, cheat,
Laughed in his heart to ſee me at her feet.
The Southern planters out in Mexico
Had never loved ſo well, or knelt ſo low
As I — the heir to an untarniſhed ſhield,
Whoſe anceſtors had ſeen the Frenchman yield,
That awful Sabbath-eve on Creſſy's field —
When autumn ſkies were black with arrowy rain,
And only earth was blacker with the ſlain.
I, whoſe forefathers with the ſea-kings came —
Old in the land, when new the Norman's fame —
Knelt blindfold to her guilty father's ſhame, —

Blindfold to that—to all—to gain her heart.
Heart! that high temple of conſummate art,
Where all diſhonours held their ſhameful ſeat;
That living lie—that baſe, incarnate cheat—
That ſet a price upon its every beat.
Why ſhould I rail at her? Was it not I
Who ſwore to win this woman or to die?
Was it not I who cried, though hell ſhould riſe
Through earth, and upward reel to meet the ſkies,
Till Satan ſat among the ſtars, I'd ſtill
Hold to this purpoſe with unbending will,
To win her or to die? I made the words
The burden of my life, until the birds
Seemed, as they interwove them in their ſong,
And ſkylarks took them up to heaven ere long,
Trilling their muſic through the wide blue ſky,
Till all creation's varied harmony
Melted in this,—"I'll win her or I'll die!"

My father died—and I in Italy!
Was this the firſt curſe that came down on me,

In anſwer to my impious prayer, to win
This woman of all women? Well, my ſin
Bore noble fruits! My father died, and I
Became Lord Avonly of Avonly.
I told her of his death. Up to her eyes
There flaſhed the ſudden lightning! All her lies
Could not repreſs that one glance of delight,
And then her face grew mournful. All that night
Mourning with me with penſive tenderneſs,
In tearful harmony with my diſtreſs.
O God, and my dead father, pardon me!
Of the long Paſt I could forgetful be,
And crowding all my life into one kiſs,
Drown heart, brain, memory, in tempeſtuous bliſs.

It was the eve before our wedding-day—
The long ſaloon was empty—for the play
Had ceaſed at my requeſt. I gave him what
He would have won from others; I could not
Live, knowing that the father of my bride
Cheated at cards! I paid him, and he lied,
Saying, he'd play no more.

We were alone,
I ſitting at her feet. The birds had flown
Home to their neſts. Upon the purple deep
The wandering zephyrs lulled the waves to ſleep:
Far in the weſt, one veſſel, only one
Sailed towards the centre of the ſinking ſun;
Cloſe by the ſhore there paſſed one lonely boat,
One nightingale trilled out her penſive note;
One ſtar, the pioneer of all the night,
Slow mounted, pale in the declining light,
Fairer than all her ſiſters, though leſs bright,
And mournful in her lovelineſs. The might
And majeſty of earth, in this ſtill hour,
Fades from the mind, and we forget her power,
Remembering her beauty. It may be
Leſs fair than day, leſs grand than night; to me
It holds the mingled beauties of the two;
All colours melting in one neutral hue,
All lights and ſhadows meeting in one miſt,
In this, the ſun and moon's brief hour of tryſt.

So I ſat at her feet. O'er other eyes
There comes a ſhadowy ſoftneſs in this hour;
Not tears, but dewy miſts, as thoſe that riſe
To ſparkle on the leaf and bend the flower.
Moſt boſoms hold a melody in tune
With every tide of time from night to noon,
And with each changing ſhadow changing too,
Take their own colouring from nature's hue.
The ſweeteſt laughter ſeems a diſcord made,
When the clear note rings through the mournful ſhade.
At that firſt ſinking of the ſun, to me
The day lies dead upon the earth, and we
By the unburied corpſe watch ſilently,
Till the laſt ray drops down behind the wave,
And ſlanting moonbeams tremble on his grave.

Not ſo to her, ſhe melted to no phaſe
Of nature's lovelineſs. To her the days,
(Stanzas in God's vaſt world-poem's pages,)
Were only as the halting, lingering ſtages
That bore her ſlowly to the golden goal,
The winning poſt, for which ſhe trained her ſoul.

How ſhould we two be happy, then? There lay
A wider gulf 'twixt us than night and day,
Which have one hour of meeting. We had none—
Not one point where our ſouls met; no, not one:
But as two circles, floating ſide by ſide,
Might ſpread and widen over all the tide,
Until they touched and broke in one embrace,
So died my ſoul, when in that laſt diſgrace,
It met her naked nature face to face.

And I had won her. Was I happy? no!
We, with the animals, have inſtincts which
We are too proud to heed. A ſenſe of woe—
And yet not woe—more terror. Some ſtrange hitch
In my ſoul's mechaniſm jarred my breaſt,
Where every joy ſeemed cradled—except reſt;
In the full chord of life one note was wrong,
What note I could not tell. But in the ſong—
The pſalm of joy—ſome wanting word was not;
What word I knew not. On my heaven one blot

So ſmall I could not track it; yet ſo vaſt,
Its ſhadow over all that heaven was caſt.
I ſay, God's warning whiſper in my ear
Darkened each bliſs, ſuggeſted every fear,
But could not hold me from the gulf—ſo dear
I held this woman. He who in this clay
Infuſed that glimmering Promethean ray
I call my ſoul, placed it beneath her ſway,
All helpleſs, ſave to worſhip and obey.
The ſtrongeſt tides will bow to Dian's rule,
So I to her—the blind god's blindeſt fool.

This thought—no, inſtinct—deep within my mind,
This, and the influence of the dying light,
Had kept me ſilent; now a cool freſh wind
Swept o'er the ſea, calm breathings of the night;
The moon lit up her face, ſo wan before,
And all the ſtars came round her to adore.
Still 'twas no time for words, the beſt are cold
Beſide *that* eloquence. The heavens hold

A ſilent muſic of their own, and weak
All human voices, when they deign to ſpeak.
With ſtars for words, God writes upon the ſky
The ſhining poem of Infinity.
I turned from heaven to her. Oh! wide and far
Lay that great gulf betwixt her and the ſtar
From which I took my gaze, and in her eyes
Sought for the light I'd left upon the ſkies.
She looked out on the ſea, far, far away,
Her gleaming eyes ſhot paſt the purple bay,
Out to the diſtant trail of rippling beams,
That ſeemed to part reality from dreams,
And light the threſhold of the land of ſleep,
So peacefully profound that diſtant deep.
She had no fancies like to theſe, ſhe ſchemed
And calculated, where another dreamed.

So I broke not the ſilence, neither ſhe.
She ſat, her face half turned away from me;
Beneath the windows ſtretched a leafy ſcreen
Of lemon-trees, and olives darkly green,

That, bordered by a low and broken wall,
Some ſtraggling myrtles and a waterfall,
Made the wild garden; where in fair decay,
Languiſhed the ghoſts of a dead yeſterday.
From out the ſhade of the luxuriant trees
There ſudden ſwept upon the evening breeze
A ſerenade's firſt notes. Rich, deep, and grave,
Floated the ſinger's voice o'er grove and wave.
Till, mingling with the night, it ſeemed to be
Part of creation's own great melody;
So well did every accent harmoniſe
With that unuttered muſic in the ſkies.
The words ran thus—I'd need remember well,
The firſt faint murmur of my ſoul's death-knell:

"There's a witch beneath the ſounding ſea,
More fatal than the wave,
And with every ſmile ſhe ſmiles to thee
She lures thee to thy grave.

She is falſe as the ocean where ſhe dwells,
More falſe is ſhe than her coral cells,

But ſhe crowns her hair with gliſtening ſhells,
Her waving hair with wet ſea ſhells;
And the ſtars die out beneath her eyes,
And the low winds liſten when ſhe ſighs;
And all on earth that's fair and bright
Derives from her a lovelier light;
But oh, beware, beware her ſpells,
For he who loves her, dies!

Yes, he who loves thee dies, Lurline!
Loſt, loſt in loving thee;
And I am loſt for thee, Lurline,
As thou art loſt for me,
Lurline! Lurline! Lurline!"

The voice grew nearer—he who ſang thus, played
On a guitar, wild wandering notes, that made
The plaſh and fall of waters; mingling well
With the baſs voice whoſe cadence roſe and fell,
Now loud, now low—Lurline! Lurline! Lurline!
A chord that founded like a ſob between
Each repetition of that name—Lurline!

So ſad the notes, it almoſt ſeemed to be
As though one wept in muſic. Preſently
The ſinger came through the low boughs that drooped
On the wet graſs. He puſhed them back and ſtooped
Under rain-dropping branches, while their dew
Fell glittering on his hair — of inkieſt hue,
So black, his pale face by the contraſt ſhone
White as a maſk in monumental ſtone.
A flight of ſteps led from the balcony
On which we ſat, down to the graſs where he
Stood, ſtriking idle chords on his guitar
Some paces from the ſteps, yet not ſo far
But I could every line and feature trace
That made the foreign beauty of his face.
He ſpoke. "Good evening, Signorina!" "Oh!
It *is* you, Signor Carlo Angelo;
I recogniſed the voice." She knew him then,
Olivia; 'midſt the varying crowd of men
Who thronged her father's houſe, I had not met
This man. His face was not one to forget;
More Eaſtern than Italian — thoſe dark eyes,
That took their beauty not from hue, or ſize,

Or ſhape, though all were perfect, but from light
That broke through all, as Mars breaks through the night;
Perpetuating in each glance of flame
The love, the hate, the pride, the fallen fame
Of a great people, now become a name.
It pleaſed me not—Olivia's knowing him,
This man whom I knew not—and darkly dim
That cloud, no larger than a human hand,
Stretched its great ſhadow over all the land,
Prophetic of the future. He ſtood now
On the firſt ſtep. Up from his broad white brow
The lifted hair waved trembling round his face,
He leaning one arm with a careleſs grace
Upon the baluſtrade; ſhe looking down,
The ſea before, behind, the ſleeping town,
The garden at our feet, and ſilent all,
But the low whiſper of the waterfall.
"You have returned to Naples, then," ſhe ſaid;
"I thought you were in Rome. I've ſurely read
That you've been ſinging there." "You're very kind
To bear me merely thus much in your mind;

I ſcarcely thought you would remember me,
Even by ſight. 'Tis three long months,—yes, three,
Since laſt we met, Signora; and, you know,
Few ladies can recall ſo long ago."
She laughed her lighteſt laugh. "But, then, you ſee,
(Small credit have we from your gallantry,)
The Opera-houſe is cloſed when you're away,
And the dull night ſucceeds the liſtleſs day;
Cecilia hides her fainted face, and we
Hold you, by ſelfiſhneſs, in memory."
"Good, good, Signora; why, that's almoſt true!"
"Believe me, yes, all Naples mourns for you."
"And you with Naples?" "I with Naples! No,
I've no ſelf-intereſt, Signor Angelo,
In ſaying I am glad of your return,
For I leave Italy ——" "I've not to learn
The news, Signora. That I heard to-night;
It was my welcome home. My deep delight,
Hacknied congratulations cannot ſpeak,
All words are idle, and all phraſes weak;
But when you number thoſe who joy to ſee

Your joy to-morrow, Lady Avonly,
Spare but one paſſing thought to reſt on me."

An opera-ſinger—Carlo Angelo!
I'd often heard of him ere this, I know;
Strange, looking back, to marvel how a name,
Now linked, perhaps, to grief, death, madneſs, ſhame,
Was once a ſound that ſmote upon the ear
And made no echo! Love, nor hate, nor fear,
Stirred the dull pulſes of the heart. We heard
That burning name, an unfamiliar word
Without a meaning; or, it may be, we
Drew in our minds a pictured phantaſy
To fit the ſound. Always to find that what
Soc'er we painted, that the man was not.
She introduced me to him. Coldly grave
And dignified the frigid bow he gave—
Cold as an Engliſhman's. "Pray, do you know
Our fog-bound England, Signor Angelo?"
"Yes, I ſang there a year or two ago:

A noble land, my lord, the proud and free
Antitheſis of trampled Italy.
I go again next March." "What ſong was that
You ſang juſt now?" From off his dripping hat
He ſhook the raindrops; ſmiling, pauſed, then ſaid,
"That ſong? Oh! one made to be ſung, not read:
It has no name." "It is a mournful air,
A very burſt of muſical deſpair—
Beautiful, as you ſing it." Here he bowed.
"I am too careleſs ever to be proud,
But if I could be proud, perhaps 'twould be
This very moment, my Lord Avonly.
Mere idle notes I ſtrung into a ſong,
The words and muſic both to me belong—
Nay, not to me, but to the moment—born
Of that one night-hour, vaniſhed ere the morn.
Our thoughts and dreams are fairies, which we raiſe
Not as we will, but as it pleaſe the fays
Themſelves to riſe. A conqueror might gain
The world, but never conquer his own brain;
Thoughts, true republicans, are free as winds,
And laws may fetter nations, but not minds."

" The ſong was improviſed, then ?" " Wert not wiſe
To ſay, that all who live muſt improviſe ;
We *think* more poetry in one ſtill night
Than would take poets half a year to write."
" You do not write ?" " Write ! no, let write who may,
To ſhine to-morrow, ſo I live to-day.
I never look beyond the hour, and hold
Him worſt of fools who prays when he lies cold
As the dead ſtone that's laid above his grave.
New men may ſay, ' This man was great or brave,'
While pleaſure-ſeekers come each ſummer's morn
To ſee the houſe in which he was not born ;
And parrot-guides point out reſpectfully
The very room in which he did not die,
And gravely miſpronounce his honoured name ;
While oppoſition critics praiſe or blame,
Not giving praiſe or blame where both are due,
But each to ſuit the *tone* of his review,
Exalting him, not for his own renown,
But by the dead to keep the living down.
Oh, Heaven help your *earneſt* man, to me
The verieſt fool of all mortality !

His days are labours and his nights unreſt,
Scorned by the bad, miſconſtrued by the beſt,
Neglected by the million. Glad to place
His hope of payment in a wiſer race,
Deeming himſelf the beſt thing in the land,
Too great for leſſer ſouls to underſtand,
Down Time's black gulf he truſtful leaps, to be
The Marcus Curtius of poſterity,
And heal the ills of all the future world
To unborn ſwine, poor waſted jewel, hurled.
Better he'd lived his little life, and been
The careleſs Touchſtone of the paſſing ſcene."
"You're a philoſopher!" "We'd need to be
Philoſophers to live in Italy.
Deſpoiled of all, we've ſtill the glowing ſkies,
And to be happy, need but ſhut our eyes.
I was not born to ſet ſick Time aright.
I weary you, I fear, my lord. Good night!
Good night, Signora! This for comfort take,
My lord, Italian hearts are hard to break:
Italian ſouls, though quick to flame and burn,
Have ſomething womaniſh, and turn, and turn,

And turn again. Indeed, Italian hate
Is the ſole ſteady fire: that—that is fate!—
As Fate holds to its courſe whate'er betide,
Will wade through blood, but will not turn aſide.
It breathes no curſe. Why waſte itſelf in breath?
It has no voice but one, and that is Death!
Keen-eyed, and watchful of its victim's woe,
It tracks his footfall for the fatal blow.
We in the world alone know *how to hate:*
Our ſecret lies in this, my lord—we wait!
Signora, fare you well, ſince I muſt be
Below the ſphere of Lady Avonly.
But when you ſhine, proud ſtar, in prouder ſkies,
Dream ſtill we mark you with admiring eyes;
There, where you reign, in heavens whoſe height ſublime
We ſee, yet know not, watch, but may not climb.
Good night, good night!" Upon the air again
Roſe the laſt ſtanza of his careleſs ſtrain—

"Yes, he who loves thee dies, Lurline!
Loſt, loſt in loving thee;
And I am loſt for thee, Lurline,

As thou art loſt for me,
Lurline! Lurline! Lurline!"

A year! We were in London. She and I—
I and my wife. Oh, bitter memory!
Where the Nepenthe that will waſh away
The black remembrance of that byegone day?
Time only adds acuteneſs to the pain,
And deeper darkneſs to ſhame's unworn ſtain.
I hate myſelf—not her. She was—my Fate,
Too mean for vengeance, far too low for hate.
We do not hate the reptile, though it ſtings,
We do not rend the wrinkled vulture's wings,
But, loathing, leave him to his hideous prey;—
Hate would have honoured her too much, I ſay.
Where loftieſt trees are ſtricken, weeds, exempt,
Are left to flouriſh, ſheltered by contempt.

I was not happy! No—fair words, ſweet looks,
And pretty phraſes, learned, perhaps, from books;
All theſe are charming—exquiſite, when youth
And beauty lend them grace, but are not—truth.

Oh, ſpurious gold! How hard I tried to dream
Thou wert, indeed, the thing that thou would'ſt ſeem;
How gladly let her bind my willing eyes,
And lull my charmed ear with tuneful lies;
Taking the outſide colour for the true,
I would not look beneath that ſurface hue;
With burniſhed coin of empty compliment
She paid my ſterling truth; and I, content,
Took—all ſhe had to give—not quite deceived;
At moſt, I but believed that I believed.

A year! the London ſeaſon at its height,
And ſhe ſurrounded by a motley throng;
In crowds ſhe paſſes every day and night,
And queens it over all. It was not long
Before ſhe took her ſtand, and wore her crown
So newly won, as hers by right of birth,
The ſovereign of the world—at leaſt, the town.
To her, I think, Mayfair was all the earth,
The heavens a canopy to roof Mayfair,
And ſcarcely atmoſphere paſt Belgrave Square.

What, then, was I? Her ſatellite—her groom,
When ſhe received, to walk about the room
And talk to thoſe too dull for her regard,
Or to fill up an invitation card;
Read her new books before ſhe read them, and
Form a rough view, that ſhe could underſtand,
Retail and paraphraſe at ſecond hand;
At her grand levees ſtand behind the throne;
Hand her to dinner when we dined alone;
And be, in ſhort, what ſhe would have me be,
Her favourite footman out of livery,—
For ever ready, anſwering to her beck,
To hold her lap-dog or to ſign a cheque.

One night in every week ſhe ſet apart
For muſic. The beſt maſters of the art,
With crowds of the diſtinguiſhed amateurs,
Flocked every Friday to her open doors.
Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart! oh, how each name
Can bring back the old dead unburied ſhame;
Slave to aſſociation, how I hate
Each detail in the background of my fate,—

A book, a flower, a paper on a wall,
A patch of garden glimmering through a hall,
A picture—nay, a ſentence, will recall
That period, with its torture ſtamped on all.
I hate the ſtreets, the ſquares, the atmoſphere,
One month of all months in the hateful year;
And never feel ſo truly deſolate
As when the lingering days drag round that date.
One Friday night—the windows to the ground
Were opened. Thoſe aſſembled crowded round
The grand piano, at which ſome one ſang,
Whom, I know not. The high ſoprano rang
Up to the lofty roof, clear, ſilver, ſweet,
And ſhowered refreſhing muſic on the heat,
Until its very clearneſs ſounded cool
As falling water. Heaven knows the ſchool
To which the air belonged—their jargon was
An unknown tongue to me. They lectured, as
Muſic had been geometry, and made
With rule and compaſs—like the builder's trade—
Done by arithmetic, and ſtrict control
Of facts and figures, not by heart and ſoul,

As when a man ſays, "Let all ages drink
This melody and feel the thought I think,
Which I think thus—I cannot give them more;
My ſoul, heart, ſelf, are ſet down in the ſcore."
And thus we've ſome "Hope told a flattering tale,"
Some "Moonlight," or ſome earneſt funeral wail,
Like the "Dead March in Saul," which ſeems to weep
For every ſoldier carried to his ſleep,
Such tears as ſoldiers may. Olivia ſtood
Near the piano. Her moſt brilliant mood
I think ſhe wore that night. Her ſparkling face,
Her daſhing raillery, her perfect grace,
Made her the centre of admiring eyes;
While eager liſteners waited her replies,
And caught them with a laugh before they fell,
As ſilver tongue that ſtrikes a ſilver bell.
She ſtood behind the ſinger, I before;
She, facing the wide open drawing-room door,
I facing her. Behind her ſpread one ſheet
Of looking-glaſs, in which from head to feet
All entering were reflected. When the ſong
Was done, there was a flutter in the throng,

A gentle ruſtling of ſilken dreſs
And compliments, whoſe graceful careleſſneſs
Was inſolently charming. Then they drew
Round Lady Avonly. "You'll ſing. Ah! you
Will ſing that ſong I've dreamed about ſince when
You ſang it laſt—Oh, let us hear again
The mournful muſic!" "Nay, Lord Lionel,
The enthuſiaſt's tone, indeed, becomes you well,"
She anſwered, laughing: "'Tis an idle thing,
That ſong of mine—but, at your wiſh, I'll ſing."
They crowded round the inſtrument. Still I
Stood facing it. Heaven knows, I know not, why
My attention wandered from my wife, the crowd,
The ſymphony, the ſong; though I was proud
To have her ſo admired, and ſeldom took
My eyes from her on duller things to look.
That night, I ſay, I wandered, and a gloom
Strangely at variance with the brilliant room,
And ſtill more brilliant crowd, came over me.
Wrapped in that ſtrange and ſudden reverie,
I leaned my head upon my hand, and let
My fancy wander back to when I met

Olivia firſt; and with that moment came
The foreign ſtreet, the clouds of crimſon flame
Low in the evening ſkies; her golden hair
Streaming like ſunſhine on the ſouthern air.
As this came back ſhe ſang. I let her ſong
Mix with the tide that carried me along,
Until her words — that ſcene — the ſinking ſun —
Muſic and memory melted into one.

"Oh ſtars, that ſhine on diſtant waves!
Oh ſtars, that light unhonoured graves!
Alone ye ſaw departed years,
And ye alone ſhall watch my tears.

"Oh! tender, ſilver rays, that fell
Upon the head I loved ſo well;
Ye know the paſt, eternal beams,
And ye alone can read my dreams.

"So guard my ſecret till the laſt,
Stars of the preſent and the paſt,
Unchanged where all are changed, remain
Sole ſilent records of my pain.

"Then ſtill look down on diſtant waves,
For ever light unhonoured graves!
For few the years, before ye ſhine,
Lamps of the quiet night, on mine!"

"Lamps of the quiet night, on mine!" She raiſed
Her eyes with the laſt note, and ſudden gazed
With one brief glance of terrified ſurpriſe;
Only one lightning flaſh in the blue eyes,
And the ſun back again, ere you could ſay
The lightning had eclipſed the fairer ray.
I looked up at the ending of the ſong,
And ſaw that glance that ſhot acroſs the throng
Out towards the door—then looking to the glaſs
In that beheld who the new comer was.

Italy—Naples—all the ſummer ſcene,
And that low, mournful ſtrain—"Lurline! Lurline!"
Flaſhed back, as, framed before me, tall and proud,
O'ertopping with dark head the Engliſh crowd,
Stood the Italian—Carlo Angelo.
Was it at ſight of him ſhe ſtarted ſo?

No, ſurely; for how carelefſly ſhe ſaid,—
"I think I ſee, my lord, above your head,
An old Italian friend. You don't forget
The ſinger whom one night, you know, you met
At Naples, and whoſe ſinging charmed you ſo?
What, you in London, Signor Angelo?
You ſing this ſeaſon, then, I fancy?" "No.
No, Lady Avonly, I do not ſing;
I'd other motives ſtrong enough to bring
Me ſuddenly to England——" "And they are ——?"
"Not worth alluding to. I would go far
To hear you ſing that old ſong to the ſtar."
When firſt he entered, why—why did ſhe ſtart?
Conſummate miſtreſs of conſummate art!
I did not know her then, and it might be,
I thought, ſome old, old chord in memory
Was ſtruck upon by ſight of Angelo;
And, if I doubted, let the ſhadow go.
I was too proud to doubt. Poor fool! I thought
My love had won the thing my gold had bought.

I ſaw no more of Angelo—he went
Back, as ſhe told me, to the Continent.
I felt a ſtrange relief in knowing this.
We ſeldom ſpoke of him. The precipice
On which I ſtood, with flowers and ſunſhine crowned,
Fair to the eye as an enchanted ground,
Gave no hint of the gulf beneath. The light,
Born of the vile miaſmas of the night,
I took for ſunſhine. Once, indeed, I ſaid—
(Dreſſed for a ball, with flowers about her head,
She ſtood before a glaſs, the duſky room
Lit only by two tapers, through the gloom
She glittering like a gem)—"This Angelo,
When did you know him firſt?" "When did I know—
When did I know him firſt? So long ago,
I ſcarce can tell how long. He uſed to come
So often to my father's; 'twas his home
Almoſt in Naples. Ah, poor Carlo! he
Is, as the world ſays, his own enemy;
Gambles and lounges through the idle day,
Flinging his chance of name and fame away.

I am ſo ſorry for him!" Oh! if Heaven
Had ſtruck her dead as ſhe ſaid that, and given
Her ſoul back to the hell from whence it came—
How ſcornfully *inſouciante!* "Name and fame
He throws away, poor Angelo!" A ſmile
On her falſe, roſy lips, and all the while
One idle finger twirling round her wriſt
A coil of glittering gold, that with each twiſt
Jingled and made a muſic. "Let us go,
We waſte our time, to talk of Angelo,"
She ſaid; "there are ſome men who never riſe,
For whom earth holds no better, higher prize
Than idle hours and cloudleſs ſummer ſkies;
And he is one. But you, Lord Avonly,
Spring from another race than ſuch as he;
For yours is ancient blood, whoſe ſanguine ſount
May fail in death, but while it flows muſt mount."

(Poor fool! whom tinſel ſuch as this could blind,
Never to gueſs the baſeneſs hid behind).
My lovely ſtatue! well, and thou wert fair,
Heaven in thy deep blue eyes and golden hair!

What had I loved thee for? Thy loveliness!
That never changed, or faded, or was less
Than when it shone on the Italian street.
Yes, that was true, though all the rest a cheat.
And was not that enough? What though thy feet
Were basest clay, my statue—it were meet
I learned through thee mere beauty's worth, my sweet.
I learned that lovely lips can utter lies,
And cruel glances look from sunny eyes;
I learnt the sterling worth of golden curls,
Teeth glittering, twin rows of peerless pearls;
A Grecian nose and chin, a snowy brow,
Smooth, alabaster, classical, and low.
Strange! These things do not form a perfect whole,
And seem to want a something—wanting soul!

I had been out of town. 'Twas in July,
Hot mists obscured the bright meridian sky,
The streets were thin, the pavements hot and dry;
No breath of air, not one cool, pitying breeze,
Stirred the scorched leaves upon the dusty trees,

When I rode homewards in a cabriolet,
Through the metropolis that ſummer's day.
The buſineſs that had ſummoned me away—
Some trivial matter touching an eſtate
(Left by an uncle's will to me of late)
My agent could not do—had been achieved
With leſs delay than I could have believed
It could be done. So I returned before
I was expected; driving to the door,
I paſſed the porter: ere I was aware,
I ſtood upon the landing of the ſtair;
An icy horror lifted up my hair,
My heart turned cold and ſtopped, and then I knew
I never really thought this woman true.
That quick revulſion told me all—I had
Been blinded—but not blind—I had been mad,
Not duped—falſe to my ſoul and ſenſe, as ſhe,
Although ſo true to hell, was falſe to me.

I leaned againſt the pale, medallioned wall—
The ſtairs, the glimpſe of garden through the hall,

With orange-trees that never blew, and flowers
That withered ſlowly through the hot noon hours,
The drawing-room doors before me, and the light
Down-ſhining, ſoftened by the lofty height
Through a glaſs dome above my head. All theſe,
As pictures painted upon raging ſeas
Might ſeem to a man ſea-ſick, ſeemed to me.
This but a moment—I had need to be
Myſelf—*myſelf*—if in my chequered life
Once only—*now*—for now I *knew* my wife.

Olivia and the man whoſe voice I heard—
Death, ſhame, and madneſs in each poiſoned word—
Were in one drawing-room, that they called the blue.
To gain this you might paſs another through,
And enter by an archway, not a door,
A velvet-curtained archway, and no more
Between the two rooms. This I ſtood behind
And heard —— And yet I'm not out of my mind,
Piſtols are in the world, dark rivers run,
And ſtill I live to look upon the ſun.

"What if I ſhould ſpeak out? By Heaven, I will!
Your pretty phraſes ſhall not keep me ſtill."
'Twas Angelo who ſpoke—"Nor yet my gold?"
"No, keep the paltry price for which you ſold
Your paltry ſoul. You only waſte your breath
In bribing me. Go, aſk old age or death
To keep aloof, and ſhun your lofty door:
When they ſhall liſten, I will—not before.
You ſaw the Duke to-day. You want to wear
His ſtrawberry leaves upon your yellow hair."
She laughed a ſhort triumphant laugh—her eyes
Shone with a wicked light, like lurid ſkies,
That ſmile, and yet mean death. "What if I ſpeak,
And give my heart one joy before it break—
Die of a ſurfeit of hate's deadly luſt,
(You, lovely lady, crawling in the duſt)
What if I ſpeak?" "You will not, Angelo;
Your hate ſays yes, but ſtill your love ſays no;
For you do love me, Carlo Amico!"
I ſaw her, and I did not kill her, reſt
Her golden head upon the young man's breaſt,

And look up with ſuch tender, truſting eyes
As little children lift up to the ſkies
When told Who reigns above the ſtars. She took
His ſtrong right hand in hers, and on it ſhook
A rain of tears. She cried, I've ſaid, at will.
"Will you betray me, Carlo? You can kill,
But to the laſt, my ſoul, you'll love me ſtill."
He looked down at her, and I pitied him,
I—I, his deadlieſt foe; his eyes were dim
With miſts that ſwam their blazing fires above,
And drowned revenge and hate in depths of love.
"I love you ſtill! Alas! alas! my fate,
Unleſs I loved you ſtill, I could not hate.
Thoſe fires together die, together burn,
And hate is only love without return.
Have I not loved you? thrown my life away?
Waſted a year to be with you a day?
Spent ſleepleſs nights in pondering your words,
Outwatched the ſtars and riſen ere the birds,
To pace long hours beneath your window-ſill,
And know you and creation ſlumbered ſtill?

Am I not beggared for your father's ſake?
With open eyes I caſt all on a ſtake;
Glad to be cheated when he held the dice,
And deaf to friendly warning and advice.
And now, the Duke, the Duke! Upon your head
You'd wear *that* coronet when *he* is dead
Whom for *his* coronet you pleaſed to wed."
"Pſhaw, Carlo! if the Duke has dared to ſay——"
"Dared!" He laughed bitterly. "I mind the day
When meaner men have thought they honoured you,
Stooping the gameſter's lovely child to woo.
Well! if the Duke has dared to lift his eyes
Up to my lady, that is, to the ſkies—
What then, Olivia?" "Only, nothing then;
Why more to me the Duke than other men?
I never loved but you." "Your huſband?" "He?"
One ſmile of concentrated mockery
Lit up her face. "Carlo, I think you do
Love me a little, though you hate me too;
And yet your love is not the love men know
Who *win* the thing they cheriſh, Angelo."

She looked him in the face. His back was turned
To me. On her pale cheek there hotly burned
One crimſon ſpot,—a hectic fever fluſh,
A fire, a flame, a blaze, but not a bluſh.
Her hand—*hers*—trembled, as ſhe laid
Her fingers upon his. "When *he* is dead
I ſhall be free—but until then——" he caught
His hand from hers. "Oh, if I read your thought,
You are—worſe than—yourſelf! Olivia, no,
I am not that you take me for, although
I ſhould be capable of all, 'tis true,
In being capable of loving you."
She ſneering ſaid, "I ſummoned you to-day
To end a farce, and not to act a play;
So keep your powers for *La Sonnambula*,
And your reproaches for your Amina;
Your handſome face becomes this haughty rage,
And your loud anger only lacks—the ſtage.
Say that you love me not, ſo be it, go!
But if you love me, Carlo Angelo,
Prove that your love *is* love. Ay, Carlo, prove
The wideſt meaning of that wide word—love."

"Speak out," he ſaid, "I'll take no hints from looks
And wicked flaſhes from your cruel eyes;
You've read of Southern villains in your books,
And peopled Italy with villanies.
You think I hide a dagger in my breaſt,
And murder ſkulks beneath my ſilken veſt;
You have read wrong—we do not kill—we fight,
And hold our only foes the foes of right.
I will not flay your fair-haired boy, nor be
One blot the more on fallen Italy."
"Who talked of flaying him? you chooſe your phraſe
From old Minerva novels and ſtage-plays;
If you would have me ſpeak out, and be told
What would have told itſelf to one leſs cold,
And have been—*done*—ere this. You and the Earl
Might quarrel, might you not? Say he ſhould hurl
Your opera-ſinging in your face, and you
Call it an inſult—bitterer, being true;
And then—and then—that place they call Chalk Farm,
Where trodden graſs revives beneath the warm
Life-blood of better men. You know the reſt.
A bullet piercing to the left the breaſt—

A nine days' wonder—then old Italy,
Fortune, and all the world for you and me!
Ah, if you love me as you ſay, I know
We might be happy, Carlo Angelo."
She laid her head upon his ſhoulder, and
Twined in his waving hair one tiny hand,
Standing on tip-toe till ſhe caught the curls
Through which her fingers gliſtened white as pearls.
"Lurline! Lurline!" Ah, fiſhermen, beware
The cruel ſyren with the golden hair!
They made a pretty picture, with the light
Flickering about their heads. Her brow was bright,
Her cheek was flufhed, her roſy lips apart,
Her white dreſs fluttering with her beating heart;
With upturned look towards his darkening face
She ſtood beſide him in unſtudied grace,
All purity without, all guilt within—
A lovely image of incarnate ſin.
But ſuddenly he flung her hand away.
"Thank God, I know you now! thank God," he ſaid,
"My eyes are opened, late though come the day,
I know you, and know why you'd have him dead!

It flaſhes on me with a ſudden light
That ſerves to ſhow the darkneſs of the night;
You'd have him dead, you'd ſee him fall, and you
So falſe to him, to me would ſtill be true,—
To me, whom you betrayed a year gone by:
And left to curſe your falſehood—or to die!
I ſee it all, and looking through your look,
I read beneath it as I'd read a book:
You'd have me kill him—and you'd wed the Duke!
Love me! You never loved! Your wicked heart,
Choked up with perjury, brimful of art,
Never had room for love to hold its place—
Love is a lie you wear upon your face:
Go chooſe elſewhere your tool; I am not he,
To be lieutenant in your treachery.

I know you—and I've loved you. Do you know
The oath I regiſtered a year ago,
When I returned from Rome and heard them ſay
The morrow was to be your wedding-day?
I ſwore to drag you down into the mire,
To ſtrip your veil off, and to ſhow your fire

And you were in one plot, he,—trickſter, thief;
You, guilty, willing tool, and he the chief.
I ſwore to do this!" "Which you did not do;
In loving, Angelo, I truſted you:
We cannot love the thing we do not truſt——"
"That's falſe!" he ſaid, "I love you ſtill, and muſt,
Although I know you; yes, I know, I know;
And through the morning in your face, below
See the black night concealed within your breaſt,
Yet for the lovely maſk give up my reſt.
It is not you I love—your golden hair,
Your deep blue eyes, ſweet ſmile, and ſtately air;
Your Grecian noſe a ſtraight line from the brow,
Your mouth that ſteals its mould from Cupid's bow;
I have gone mad for theſe. I might as well
Die for a picture done by Raphael;
The painted canvaſs would be quite as true
And full as capable of love as you."
"Rail on," ſhe ſaid, "your love is like the reſt;
A noiſy torrent, impotent at beſt,
And wondrous loud from very ſhallowneſs.
I've dreamed of other love I do confeſs—

A love that deals in deeds, that will achieve,
And pointing to its work, cry out, 'Believe—
Believe by this—in this—through this behold
Whether my arm be weak, or heart be cold!'
I've dreamed of love that overthrew the world
And all the nations into chaos hurled;
Then built a palace on the wreck to dwell
With her it loved, not wifely, mind, but well.
But there were giants in thoſe days. I thought
A lover was a Hercules who brought
Nemæan lions to his miſtreſs' throne,
And threw them down for her to tread upon.
And yet, and yet ——" She, pauſing ſuddenly
Turned to a window with an aviary,
In which the birds flew looſe 'midſt hothouſe flowers,
Singing their foreign ſongs in genial bowers;
With one white finger through the bars ſhe played
With a green parroquet's gay plumed head,
She leaned her curls againſt the gilded wires,
Her drooping laſhes veiled the vivid fires
That had illumed her eyes; one careleſs hand
Twined in and out a purple curtain band,

The diamonds on her fingers glittering bright
Until they ſeemed on fire with the light;
Drawn through the wires by the ſummer air,
And flickering in the ſun, her tangled hair
Blew in upon the bird. A lazy ſmile
Slept on her roſy, parted lips the while,
And juſt above her head one heavy roſe
Drooped down to kiſs her hair. In fair repoſe
A model for a Titian ſhe reclined;
In beauty leaving all the flowers behind,
That trembled round her in the ſummer wind.

Up to his ſouthern face, in hues of flame,
The ſouthern torrent of his paſſion came:
"Oh, what if Death come down," he ſaid, "for you?
Why queſtion whether you are falſe or true?
Why queſtion aught—enough to know—*you are*—
You are, and I adore you. Ah, my ſtar,
My lode-ſtar, meteor, *ignis fatuus!*
Why do I rave and rail about you thus?
What can I do but follow where you lead,
And blindly ſerve you, ſovereign, in your need?

Do with me what you will—but only ſhine—
Your light for weal or woe alone is mine,
And I unutterably more than thine."
She drew her white hand from the wires, and laid
The ſlender fingers in his palm, then ſaid:—
"How the old time comes back with the old phraſe—
Your words reanimate departed days,
While galvanized by paſſion, youth returns,
And from life's aſhes, Love, the Phœnix, burns—
Ah, truſt me, Angelo, when I am free,
I'll prove how well I can be worthy thee."
"You ſhall be free," he ſaid. "Since, at the worſt,
For you I ſcarcely can be more accurſt;
My creed, career, my honour, and my name,
My country, kinſmen, fortune, peace, fair fame,—
All theſe, long ſince, for you I flung away,
And ſtand before you reft of all to-day;
Only from blood, at leaſt, my hands are free;
But vain the boaſt—they ſhall be ſtained for thee!"
His voice was hoarſe, he ſtaggered to the door—
"Farewell!" he cried. "Nay, Carlo, *au revoir*."

She waved her white hand with the parting words,
And then reſumed her trifling with the birds.
The bluſh-roſe ſtill dipped down to kiſs her hair,
Her curls ſtill wantoned with the ſummer air;
Upon her rounded cheek another roſe
Bloomed freſher than the flowers, and fair as thoſe;
The red lips never parted with their ſmile,
And yet her thought was—murder—all the while.
She built air-caſtles 'thwart a ſea of blood,
And would have waded through the crimſon flood
To reach her worldly ſoul's ſupremeſt good.

He met me on the ſtair. His cheek grew white,
(I little doubt I was a ghaſtly ſight,)
He reeled againſt the gilded baluſtrade,
While from his eyes the fever ſeemed to fade—
Their light all dying out—and thus we met;
As then I ſaw that man I ſee him yet;
Still ſee the young, the pale Italian face,
With that dark ſomething of an Eaſtern race
Darkening its beauty. Still I ſee the change
In which each lineament ſeemed new and ſtrange,

So that his brother might have paſſed unknown
That livid maſk of animated ſtone.
I ſaid but this: "Signor, 'twixt you and me,
What need of words, the blood of one muſt be
An offering to the other's injury.
We have no quarrel. Nay, are friends in this,
Both on that fair-haired fiend have ſet our bliſs,
Both have been dancing puppets in her hand,
Building life's palace on the fickle ſand;
Now amidſt ruin both together ſtand,
And muſt until one falls." He bowed his head.
"Let it be ſo, 'tis beſt, 'tis well," he ſaid,
"In her Delilah preſence I have grown
A loathſome thing I ſhrink to look upon;
And ſhould again become the ſame; her ſpell
Would lure me down into the depths of hell,
Or ſhed a wicked glamour round the place
Till hell ſeemed heaven, and damnation, grace;
You, dancing puppet!—you! You never were
What I was to that witch with golden hair;
She never loved you—and to you, her eyes
That caught their colour from Italian ſkies,

Have been the ſkies without the ſtars—they ſhone
Full conſtellations upon me alone,
Becauſe, with all her falſehood, ſhe was true
In loving me, but never loving you.
Such love as hers, unlit by ſpark divine,
Fickle and falſe at beſt, yet ſtill was mine.
Poor boaſt—nay, rather burning ſhame to be
Worthleſs enough to pleaſe with ſuch as ſhe;
The ſomething ſhe could underſtand; the thing
She loved to look at, liſtening when 'twould ſing,
Accepting all its youthful worſhipping
Until the incenſe grew a want, and thus
A bond of ſeeming love united us.
Pſhaw! let us end this farce, and if it be
Thought for its climax half a tragedy,
May the laſt dying ſpeech be made by me!"
"That reſts with Heaven! When the ſun goes down,
At eight, you'll meet me northward of the town."
He bowed. "At eight," he ſaid; "ſay, ſomewhere near
The place *ſhe* named,—Chalk Farm; the light is clear
At eight o'clock, and then the ſinking ſun
Is ſo much handier than the riſing one;

It could not well be better, we do not
Want friends to choose the weapons ; name the spot,
And yet ——" "And yet," I said, "*she* is least worth
Of all the creatures on this crowded earth
A man should risk his life, or leave his name,
To bear e'en more than its allotted shame ;
For the survivor's sake it were far best
To put ourselves in other hands ——" "*Au reste*,"
He said, "It saves us trouble, I shall be
Happy, my lord, whoe'er you send to see
And introduce him to my deputy—
The choice of weapons rests, I think, with me,
But I decline that choice. I fence, it's true,
(As most Italians, as I fancy, do)
And thus might have advantage over you.
I would not have it so ; no, let us fight
In the old English fashion——Till to-night!"
He bowed, went down the stairs and crossed the hall.
We had not raised our voices once, through all
This hurried dialogue, while to and fro
Passed and repassed the servants in the hall ;

The footman lounging in the window, read
The morning paper, and ne'er raiſed his head
To wonder what we talked of. Nodding, ſlept
The porter in his chair. Unſeen I crept
Down ſtairs, then reaſcending, let my boot
Give noiſy warning of my coming foot,
And went into the drawing-room. Still her hair,
Drawn through gilt wires by the ſummer air,
Blinded and vexed her peeviſh tropic birds,
She, ſoothing them with pretty nonſenſe words—
The broken muſic made to pleaſe a child.
She heard me enter, ſtarted, turned and ſmiled
A gentle welcome, lifting up her eyes
And eyebrows with the prettieſt ſurpriſe.
"What joy to have you home before I dreamed,
And yet not ſoon, ſo long the days have ſeemed—
Why do you take your hand away?" ſhe ſaid,
Then tried to lean her graceful drooping head
Down on my ſhoulder as I'd ſeen it lay
On Angelo's, beneath that ſame bright day.
"Nay, check the fervour of your welcome," I
Replied—"I have returned, but hurriedly,

En route, into the North——" "Is ſomething wrong?"
"Something—ſcarce worth the naming. You, ere long
Shall know the worthleſs ſomething that is wrong.
And now, one word, Olivia, you have been
More than my wife,—my idol, goddeſs, queen!
We might part ſuddenly. Life is at beſt
A journey fraught with danger and unreſt,
And travellers who ſet out ſide by ſide
Are apt to part ere they return. My bride,
I've truſted you, and all my ſoul have given
Up, with ſuch faith as good men place in Heaven;
If—if your early teaching—or your youth,
Spent with bad men, perchance have dimmed your truth;
If you look back and ſay, 'In life's ſtrange ſcene
There is a better part that might have been
Mine to have played——' Or if your father's ſhame
Left half its taint on you, till you became
Something you were not born, loſt child, to be;
Your guilt, leſs guilt than dark fatality,—
If this, Olivia, were our dying day,
Both yours and mine, what is it you would ſay?"

With a ſcared face ſhe looked at me, and then
With one brief pauſe looked all herſelf again;
"What ſhould I ſay?" "Olivia, think—we might
Neither ſurvive this day, outlive this night
Have you no word—no word? Though liſtening Fate
That one deciſive whiſper might await
Ere the recording angel wrote 'too late,'
And cloſed your book of ſin—not one—not one?"
"Not one," ſhe ſaid. "So be it! I have done!"

Red in the weſt the ſun went down,
I riding northward of the town,
The mingling city voices, blent
Into one deep-toned chorus, ſent
Their diſtant murmur on the air;
The ſuburb garden-flowers bloomed fair,
The tired citizen at reſt
Sat blinking at the crimſon weſt,
That made his wine ſo golden bright
His glaſs ſeemed filled with liquid light;
The laughing children on the graſs
Peeped out to ſee the horſeman paſs;

Red ſun on the ſuburban ſcene,—
Red ſunſhine on the village green,
The purple diſtance like a ſea
Lay wrapt in ſhadow ſilently—
The town receding as I rode
Paſt ſcattered lamps that feebly glowed,
Lit ere the ſun went down, and dim
In the great light that came from him—
The vaſt blue dome behind me roſe
As watching o'er the town's repoſe,
The winding river peeped between
The roofs in gleams of golden ſheen,
The faint lights twinkling here and there
Seemed diamonds hung on ſapphire air.

The voices of the buſy crowd,
Melted in one, now low, now loud,
Loſt all their earthlineſs of tone,—
Nay, had a muſic of their own,
Till, even London ſeemed to be
That night a fairy town to me.

God's evening peace was on the land,
On all the impreſs of His hand ;
The ſun gone forth to other ſkies,
That ſinking here he there may riſe,
And prove Death *is not* to the wife.
Silence and Shadow, angels twin,
Brooded o'er earth ; yet Death and Sin,
Thoſe darker angels, ſtill were nigh,
And did their work as ſilently.

What did I think of as I rode
Away from man and man's abode,
Acroſs the hill, till at my feet
The meadow greens lay dewy ſweet ? —
What did I think of ? It might be
That never more would beam on me
God's picture, Earth, to which is given
Beauty to whiſper that of Heaven,—
A fane, that by induction ſhows
The maſter-hand by which it roſe ;
And by induction ſeems to ſay
How more than fair that Far-away,

Which, in its beauty wide and high,
Surpaſſes earth unſpeakably,
As that incalculable ſky
(Where myriad conſtellations beam,
Remote as lamps that light a dream,—
A golden ſand to common eyes,
But worlds and ſyſtems to the wiſe,)
Paſſes all power of thought to mount,
Or e'en its trackleſs realms to count.
A thouſand years leave ſcarce a trace
Of change upon that ſpangled face;
For from the ſpot where Egypt's lore
  Firſt tried to tell the mighty law
  (That ruled the orbs ſhe nightly ſaw)
How by the tomb, acroſs the door,
One ſhone—we ſee it as of yore:
It beamed on kings whoſe names are dead;
It ſhone on ſhrines whoſe gods are fled,
It glaſſed its beauty in the Nile,
  Oſiris wandering by the ſhore;
And with the ſame eternal ſmile,
  Still looking down upon the door,

The modern *ſavant* tells with pride
How much its rays have moved aſide,
And how, long ages paſt, its light
Shone further to the left or right;
And, tracking time and ſpace by this,
Fights with creation's myſteries.

To me, th' Aſſyrian's creed were beſt,
And faith to me ſeemed ſomething—reſt!
So while I ſaw the heavens ſhine
With light that could but be divine,
I by the effect believed the cauſe,
Nor ſought, nor prayed to learn its laws,
Content to know but this—It was!
Content to pray that there might be
Amongſt thoſe ſtars ſome home for me;
Where, purified by faith and tears,
More fit to walk thoſe ſhining ſpheres,
I might forget my earthly years!

He was before me, lying at the foot
Of a great oak-tree's gnarled and rugged root;

His ſecond, an Italian, pacing near;
He ſinging—his rich low voice riſing clear
Between the puffs of his cigar,—a ſnatch
Of ſome anacreontic drinking catch;
One folded arm beneath his ruffled hair,
The thin ſmoke curling in the balmy air,
One idle hand entwined in the long graſs
On which the breezes tremble as they paſs;
His drooping eyelids ſhutting out the ſkies
Kept the dark ſecrets of his eaſtern eyes.
Handſome, *inſuciant*, in the dying day,
Upon the brink of night and death he lay.
How could I kill this man? My cautious friend
Had brought a carriage to a green lane's end,
So the ſurvivor might eſcape and fly
Beyond the reach of law. The quiet ſky
Still gave clear light enough for each to trace
The lineaments of his opponent's face,
But no time could be loſt. I never meant,
God knows, to kill this man—I never ſent,
Of my own will, this careleſs ſoul away
To that dread land beyond the night and day.

I would have ſpared him. 'Twas my wiſh to ſpare,
And yet I would not fire in the air;
But ſo my barrel I had meant to guide
That the dread bullet ſpeeding by his ſide
Should whiſtle paſt him, but yet harm him not—
So face to face upon that graſſy ſpot,
Ten paces only diſtant, we were placed:
Upon his brow a ſhade of gloom I traced;
Something, ſcarce ſorrow, more of diſcontent,
As at a waſted life ignobly ſpent,
Which might have been—— Ah! in that evening ſcene
Aroſe, perhaps, that ghoſt. The "might have been"—
Death o'er life's landſcape brooded darkly grim,
And earth had no perſpective now for him;
Behind, a trackleſs waſte of reckleſs years,
Before, the myſteries of all the ſpheres;
Shut in by darkneſs as a wall of ſtone,
Some ſhuddering dread the braveſt heart might own,
And Alexander ſhrink from—the unknown!

The white glove fluttered as it fell; the prayer
Died at my heart. He fired in the air.

My hair-ſpring was not ſet. The touch that ſerved
To fire, now failed. A ſtronger pull—it ſwerved,
My piſtol ſwerved—a trifle it may be—
But all a lifetime's miſery to me
Lay in that ſwerve ſcarce wider than a hair—
Oh, God! that I had fired in the air!
Oh, waſted agony! oh, futile prayer!
Up to the heavens aroſe my great deſpair,
As he fell bleeding to the ground——
He died!
In all his reckleſs beauty, reckleſs pride.
I told him how I held myſelf to be
His murderer—told all my agony—
What I had meant. He ſmiled. "Thank God!" he ſaid,
His ſecond raiſing up his feeble head,
His wandering hand ſtretched blindly towards my own,
In which it lay, cold, heavy as a ſtone,
With that laſt deadly dampneſs in its graſp
That holds life ſpell-bound in death's lingering claſp;
Swift-gathering dews upon his pallid brow,
Nor ever faded that faint crimſon glow

Which through the pallor of his cheek had ſhone
Like ſhadowed roſes upon marble thrown,
He lay half in my arms, half on the ground;
I uſed my handkerchief to ſtaunch his wound,
The ſoft white cambric ſcarcely ſtayed the flood
That ſteeped and dyed it in his welling blood.
The doctor we brought with us, ſhook his head
As two light fingers on his wriſt he laid;
There was no hope. I tried in vain to trace
One gleam of hope in that averted face;
He, Carlo, ſpoke, the life-blood ebbing faſt,
And every accent weaker than the laſt:
"Oh, God be praiſed, you've killed me! this will reſt
On that vile golden head! If in that breaſt
The bad heart holds one throb—I'll not ſay, human,—
If in this dreadful creature, miſcalled woman,—
In this incarnate curſe, if yet there be
Anything—ſentient! ſhe will think of me!
Not weep for me—ſhe keeps her tears for ſhow.
Not grieve for me—ſhe knows but acted woe:
But ſhe may yet—remember! May my face,

Ghaſtly before her through all time and ſpace,
Her ſhuddering, loathing dread, in every place,
Haunt her, till, dying after weary years,
My words ſtill ring upon her deafened ears;
Before her fading ſight my features riſe,
Hate on my lips and horror in my eyes;
While o'er her drowning life my curſes roll,
And I diſpute with Satan for her ſoul—
Tell her, I curſed her, with my lateſt breath
Hoarded for that anathema in —— death!"

They tried to hurry me away—they ſaid
That I muſt fly. I bade them bear the dead
Home in the carriage they had brought for me;
I would ride back alone—then croſs the ſea;
Would ſtart that night for Dover, but muſt do
Some buſineſs ere I went. The darkneſs grew
Out of the evening—night aroſe. Oh, where
(While their ſtiff burden with the cluſtering hair
And white ſtill face, the quiet ſeconds bear),
Where was the ſoul, gone forth upon the night?
No faith to guide its wings, no lamp to light

The dark, dark way.—Would God heard the prayer
I concentrated in that dread word—Where?
I turned my horſe towards the diſtant dome,
And through the darkneſs ſilently rode—home!

Lights in the drawing-rooms. Lights upon the ſtair,
The buſy ſervants hurrying here and there;
The notes of a piano on the night,
Through the conſervatory's roſe-hued light,
Stole out upon the ſtreet. A joyous ſong,
Trilled in the clear notes I had known ſo long,
Came ringing on my ear. A gay refrain
Mixed with a hoarſe voice that took up the ſtrain
In tones that marred the melody—before
Thoſe who admitted me had cloſed the door,
I aſked, "Who's with her ladyſhip?" "The Duke
Of Lindeſmere, my lord." A pitying look,
Half ſorrow, half contempt, I ſeemed to trace
On this man's—an old ſervant's—quiet face.
"He dined here with my lady." "*Tête-à-tête?*"
"Your lordſhip, yes." "Tell them my horſe may wait."

I ſtrode up-ſtairs, and in a moment more
Stood by the inner drawing-room's curtained door;
She ſat at the piano—'neath a globe
Of ground-glaſs filled with chaſtened light—her robe,
Rich velvet of the ſapphire's changing hue,
Light in the light, in ſhadow darkly blue,
In contraſt with her waving yellow hair,
Made the fair falling locks more golden fair,
And colour warmed the beauty ſomething cold
Until ſhe ſhone enſhrined in blue and gold;
Like ſome mediæval ſaint behind a glaſs,
Which all the faithful bow to as they paſs.
The Duke, a roué, ſixty years of age,
Stood nodding, as ſhe ſang, above the page—
This was the game ſhe played then—this the prize,
The end and aim of all her villanies!

I let the curtains fall behind me, and
Stood oppoſite the group; her rapid hand
Running a brilliant ſcale, ſo ſudden ſtopped,
So ſuddenly the Duke the muſic dropped,

So ſuddenly I broke upon the two
With tumbled hair, and brow of aſhen hue,
(I ſaw my face reflected in a glaſs,
And in my madneſs wondered whoſe it was),
So ſudden all the ſcene, it well might ſeem
Some painter's fancy of a dreadful dream,
In gaudy colouring and lurid light
A pictured viſion of unreal affright.
Olivia was the firſt to ſpeak. "You play
A ſort of comedy, my lord, to-day,
I ſcarcely thought——" "You ſcarcely thought," I ſaid,
"I ſhould return; you're wrong, 'tis he is dead:
Give me your hand, I've ſomething for you — this!
A handkerchief. You aſk not what it is;
'Tis that you prayed for, if I underſtood
Your words to-day; 'tis blood, my lady, blood!
Your will is done, you've worked your wicked ſpell;
And yet your plot has failed!—The wrong man fell!"
The blood-ſtained handkerchief was in her hand,—
"Whoſe blood?" ſhe ſhrieked; "Oh, let me underſtand:

There's ſome one mad here!—Angelo!" ſhe ſaid,
Claſping two frantic hands about her head,—
"Oh, let me underſtand—he is not dead!—
He dead! And you——alive!" "Olivia, yes!
Who would not ſympathiſe with your diſtreſs?
Not for his death your anguiſh, but my life!—
His Grace there cannot have you for a wife,
You think perhaps,—you're wrong,—the law unties
Such knots as ours. My lord, behold your prize!
If you can take this maſs of guilt and lies,—
If charms that ſmell of charnel-houſes pleaſe,
And you find light in eyes as falſe as theſe,—
If you can lull your dying head to reſt,
And ſigh your ſoul out upon ſuch a breaſt,—
If that bright head and wealth of golden hair,
With every crime upon it, ſtill ſeem fair,—
Take her!—worſt hatred ſcarce could wiſh you worſe:
In having her, your Grace has every curſe!"
Beating wild hands on her diſhevelled head,
And crying out, "'Tis falſe! he is not dead!—
Carlo—adored—Amico! Dead!—no, no:
Come and diſprove them, Carlo Angelo!"

In a mad rage ſhe flung the Duke aſide,
And ruſhed towards the door. "My life!" ſhe cried,
"I never loved but you! I lied—I lied!
Only my lips were falſe; my heart was true,
And never trembled in its faith to you.
Carlo, come back—come back, and let me be
A beggar by your ſide; but come to me!"
Foam at her lips, and madneſs in her gaze,
Her light hair, glittering with her diamonds' rays,
Shaken in tangled ſhowers upon her dreſs,
In very waſte of wanton lovelineſs,
Her ſhoulders gleaming through the ſhining blue,
Like ſnow-clad mountains through night's purple hue,
She ruſhed to where I ſtood acroſs the door,
Tottered, and fell down death-like on the floor;
The Duke, affrighted, leaning wildly o'er
This fallen fiend!

I never ſaw her more,
Except in dreams or fever,—ne'er again,
With waking eyes and unbewildered brain,

Beheld the fatal lovelineſs that made
The terror and the madneſs of my life;
And only knew by that one darkening ſhade
That blighted all my days—I had a wife!

There was a trial. I was free, they ſaid,—
Free, with that young man's blood upon my head,—
Free from the chains that bound me to her—free!
She and the Duke in Paris, where, they ſay,
He is the ſlave before her footſtool, ſhe
The toaſt, the wit, the beauty of the day,—
The unſunned ſnow itſelf for purity!—
I, prince of Machiavellian villany;
She victim of a vile conſpiracy!

"So runs the world away," the poet ſays,
And "ſome muſt weep;" and by the Naples ſhore,
Where I drag out the remnant of my days,
There is a grave, wild myrtles trailing o'er,
'Tangled with arbutus flowers; the graſs
White with ſpring's ſnow, the wood anemone:
The ſun and moonbeams kiſs it as they paſs;

The diſtant murmurs of the ſounding ſea
Whiſper the ſecrets of Infinity;
While all creation's myriad voices blend
To ſpeak God's comfort, "Death is not the end!"
Here, reſting from the world's great puppet-ſhow,
His ſhort hour flitted, Carlo Angelo
Lies in that ſlumber, of whoſe quiet eaſe
Only the angels keep the awful keys.

Thus runs the world away! I ſometimes hear
Some wandering echoes from my lady's ſphere,—
The liſt of gueſts at the laſt ball ſhe gave,
I read, low lying by her lover's grave—
"His Grace's diplomatic dinner, where
His Majeſty ——" The wandering ſouthern air
Fluttered the leaves, while high above my head
The woodlark ſang,—they did not wake the dead;
Her heartleſs triumph touched him not: the bird
Might ſing its loudeſt, but he never ſtirred!
I made a picture of her in my mind,
And painted this upon the ſummer wind.

A wicked woman,—weary of her life,
Herſelf, her ſoul, her wickedneſs; at ſtrife
With God and Heaven, for Hell watched to claim
And hold her by her ſelf-forged bonds of ſhame;
A wretch, whoſe every hour and every day
Was falſely brilliant as a long ſtage-play,—
Who dragged her ſteps beneath a golden chain,
And made contortions ſmiles to hide her pain,—
Who hated all the world, and deſolate
Turned on herſelf the remnant of her hate.
I ſaw her, after ſome great day, let fall
The lovely maſk ſhe'd worn at *fête* and ball;
I watched her frightened ſtart and ſhudder, as
She looked on her firſt wrinkle in the glaſs;
Linked to a man ſhe openly deſpiſed,
Self-ſold for glories ſhe no longer prized;
Care by her pillow brooding through the night,
And memory waking earlier than the light;
Old age, her terror, ever creeping near,
And ſtealing ſome new beauty every year;
Abandoned to a reſtleſs diſcontent,
Too wicked to have courage to repent;

With frequent opiates ſoothing her falſe breaſt,
And cheating Time, her torture, with falſe reſt;
Counting the hours by length of agony,
Still forced to live, becauſe afraid to die;
Dreading to glance behind, but dreading more
One fearful look to the black gulf before;
With neither faith in God nor hope in Heaven,
Tearleſs, impenitent, unbleſt, unſhriven,—
Her only prayer to outraged mercy this,
That God, beholding all her miſeries,
Would, in His ſcorn for one too low to hate,
Be pitiful, and but—annihilate!

I thought not of his Grace,—for what was he,
That I ſhould number him my enemy?
Why ſhould one vengeful pulſe my boſom ſtir?
What need have I of vengeance?—He has her!

UNDER THE SYCAMORES.

—◆—

God guard that ſpot beneath the ſycamores
Where blood was ſhed once by a woman's hand!
Man ſhuns the dark ſhade of thoſe ſycamores:
There night is blackeſt—there the winter's wind
Shrieks ſhrilleſt—or in loud prophetic voice,
With fitful wailings through the ſhort'ning days,
Seems as it knew the ſtory of the place
And tried to tell it in harſh ſyllables,
To ſcare all ſentient things from ſheltering there.
The ſmiling ſummer there can only frown,

For the thick trees ſhut out the ſunny ſkies,
And the damp ground will not be ſhone upon,
Will only nouriſh rank and poiſonous weeds,
And will proclaim with black and hideous looks
Here once was murder done.

The records tell
How a chief's daughter, one Menamenee,
Was left an orphan in her early years,
And was proclaimed the Princeſs of her tribe,
Male iſſue failing to her father's line.
Thus the tribe ſaid, "She ſhall ſelect a mate,
Dauntleſs and handſome as her glorious ſelf;
Shall chooſe from all our people him that is
Swifteſt of foot, boldeſt of heart and mien,
Wiſeſt and greateſt. They ſhall have a ſon
Whom they ſhall rear to be our children's chief,
And to recall the virtues of her ſire—
The brave Dark Eagle." Young Menamenee
Is ſtraight and ſlender, graceful, light and free,
As ſhadows thrown by flowers on ſunny graſs

That flicker as they fall; her deep black eyes
Have the Dark Eagle's radiance in their glance,
And can command as his were wont to do.
Her hand can wing the arrow to its home
In the bird's heart that flies above the trees;
She has all his imperious grace; a queen
In every geſture, word, and thought, and deed —
What a ſtrange ſight to ſee ſuch pride brought low,
Such regal beauty proſtrate in the duſt,
And ſuch a warm and noble heart abaſed
For man with reckleſs foot to trample on.

She met a ſtranger in the foreſt path,
Who turned aſide to note her Indian grace;
She met a ſtranger—and his deep blue eyes,
Through the dark night, were with her in her dreams.
And ſhone on her, till changing into ſtars,
She woke, and gazing upward to the ſky
Still ſaw their light in depths of azure blue.
Again ſhe met him in the foreſt glade,
And this time in diſtreſs; thrown from his horſe,

In danger; ſo they bore him to her home,
And laid him on a couch of ſoft dried herbs,
Brown moſs, and withered flowers. There he lay
For weeks, ſhe watching by him through the long
Still days and nights, of fever and unreſt,—
Delirious wanderings of the burning brain,
Through black deſpair to glimmering hope, until
A change came o'er him, and he grew to know
His tender nurſe. To liſten to her voice
That ſoothed him to his reſt with Indian airs
Sung in a plaintive minor. Well he knew
The touch of the light hand that ſmoothed his hair,
Or laid cool ſimples on his burning brow,
And had a power to ſoothe, apart from them,
By very virtue of its tenderneſs.
All ſuffering paſt, he lay as in a reſt;
So deep, it might be death—and all ſo ſweet
And heavenly peaceful, it *could not* be life.
And ſhe—alas! She ſang a mournful ſong,
That ſhe had muſed out in her heart of hearts,
Night after night, when watching in his face
The ſtrife of death to quench the light of life.

"I met my fate down in the foreſt glade;
I met my life in the deep foreſt ſhade,
And each wild impulſe of my heart obeyed
The maſter of its fate.
It may be death I met in the deep ſhade,
It may be that he ſcorns the Indian maid,
But never can this ſoul in grove or glade
Select another mate.

"I met my ſoul down in the wild wood deep,
His eyes are ſtars that light me in my ſleep;
His image graven on my heart I keep,
To cheriſh till I die.
It may be vainly that I watch and weep;
This light of life I may not burning keep,
But oh! if he muſt ſleep the laſt long ſleep,
No other reſt will I!"

This pale-faced ſtranger came from other lands,
The blue ſea brought him to the Indian home;
The treaſure that he ſought was only this:

A temple for the worſhip of his God,
Where perſecution could not come between
Heaven and his prayers—for in his native land
His Sabbath had been kept 'mid ſtrong, ſtern men,
Armed to the teeth, in Highland faſtneſſes,
Ready to change the Bible for the ſword,
And (words of Jeſus freſh upon their lips),
Drown the blue heather in the foeman's blood.
He had ſeen the hearth-tree in the Scottiſh home
Dyed with the blood of thoſe who made it dear;
The father powerleſs to ſave the child,
The child to ſhield the father; all the while
The war-cry ringing through the ſtricken land
Was faſhioned from the Evangel's peaceful words,
Tortured by bigots to a foreign ſenſe,
And made a call for bloodſhed. So he came,
Leaving his young wife to his father's care,
(Till he ſhould build the neſt for his ſweet bird),
Came to erect a home, and in the wilds
Of the dark foreſt to hew out a ſpot
Where he might rear an altar to his God;

Where he, in the long peaceful future years,
Might watch his children grow to ſtalwart men,
And die the founder of a ſettlement.

One evening, in a warm and crimſon haze,
That changed the foreſt deeps to lakes of light,
She, with grave eyes uplifted to his face,
Sat at his feet, while his low, ſerious voice,
Told the ſweet ſtory of the Chriſtian faith,
Unto this ſimple Indian Princeſs, new
As tale of fairy-land to liſtening child.

She pondered o'er each ſentence, and once ſaid,
"Say that again, for then I did not hear
Your words, but loſt them liſtening to your voice.
Methinks this ſtory I have ſomewhere dreamed,
Or dreamed that ſuch a ſtory might have been,
To finiſh the completeneſs of the earth
With a more fair beyond. That ſharp blue line,
Brink of the grave to which the ſun goes down,
You call the horizon, breaks too ſuddenly

The glory and the beauty of the world;
So, oft I dreamed there was a path beyond,
Could we but learn the way. The pale ſad ſhade,
Whoſe touch ſtrikes youth and valour into duſt,
Is then an enemy whom we may mock,
Knowing our triumph cometh in the ſkies.
But tell me, Paleface, in that quiet land
Of the Hereafter—ſhall we ever be
Together—ſide by ſide as we are now?"
"Ay, happy ſouls meet in the fields of heaven,
And tender greetings on the ſapphire airs
Of the Eternal City, riſe and fall
In low harmonious cadences of joy.
There ſhall we meet, thou, maiden, and my wife;
Whom thou wilt meet on earth, ſo Heaven allow
To me the bliſs to live to ſee her here."

"Your words are ſtrange unto Menamenee:
Your wife!——I think that means another love
Another ſharer in your great, brave heart:
So be it; it is wide enough for all:

A foreſt-tree, beneath whoſe ſhade may reſt
Others beſides your poor Menamenee.
Why ſhould I weep becauſe the ſtars I love
Shine down into the ſouls of other maids,
And are by them beloved? Yon pale cold moon,
So pale ſhe ſeems the ſhadow of herſelf,
Sleeps on the breaſt of other lakes than that—
Yet ſee how peacefully the waters flow
Pillowing her inconſtant beauty to calm reſt,
Not rending it in a wild, jealous ſtorm.
So ſleeps your image deeply in my heart,
Entire, unbroken: and ſo may it lie,
As deeply in the tranquil heart of her,
Whom you ſo tenderly do call your wife."
"Hold, Princeſs!" With one geſture of his hand
He ſtopped the torrent of her ſimple words,
Then lapſed in ſilence deep as the ſtill hour,
And quiet as the red and purple weſt;
He hid his face upon his folded arms
And prayed; how earneſtly, God looking down
On the weak ſoul by love of Him made ſtrong,

Knew, and not man. The red and withered leaf
Dropped from the bough had hardly reached the ground,
The long cry of the bittern ſcarce was broken,
Yet he had fought the battle of a life,
And roſe with whitened cheek, the conqueror.
" Ah, wild flower, little know you what you ſay —
Here in your far and lonely foreſt home
Little thou knoweſt of the world's cold ways —
How man's long life can know one only love,
Forſaking which, he gives his ſoul to death ;
How hearts once given can never be reclaimed,
Though they may break and periſh in the ſtorm
That wrecks their peace, or ere they are aware.
That ſky, Menamenee, that golden land,
Of which I ſpoke to thee awhile gone by,
Is won by pilgrims ſtrong to toil and climb
Under the hot ſun of long ſummer days,
Whoſe ſcorching rays muſt tempt them not to turn
To the green haven in the wild wood ſhade ;
Through ſnows and ſtorms that have no power to change
The ſteady purpoſe pointing to the height ;

Paſt foes who, though they wound, cannot defeat,
So that man's armour be his faith in God,
And not in his own ſtrength. I have been weak,
I have been falſe to honour and to thee,
Have lingered in this deep and dear retreat,
Though a dull voice, to which I ſhut my ears,
Has bade me break the chain that bound me here.
Sweet words of thine, Wild Roſe, have bound the chain,
Thy tender eyes have riveted each link,
And now the iron, eating in my ſoul,
Ruſts all the hopes and dreams of life away;
Old purpoſes and projects that I deemed
As hewn in ſtone, ſo ſtrong to hold and laſt,
Or to be broken only by my death,—
All broken now! I only tell thee this,
To tell thee that it muſt no longer be.
God tries His children by a fiery teſt,
The which ſurviving, purified by pain,
Their ſouls paſs from the fire to the light;
So, if I loved thee—as I muſt not love—
Or if I held thee—as I dare not hold thee—

Dearer than earth, till growing blaſphemous,
I dared to ſet thy ſmile above the ſtars,
And ſee their light more lovely in thine eyes,—
If I were weak as this—which I am not—
There ſtill could be no word 'twixt you and me,
That would not maſk a poiſon in its muſic,
Save this death in two ſyllables—Farewell!"

She caught the death-blow in that word, "Farewell!"
And laid upon his arm a cold, firm hand,
Not to be ſhaken off. "I cannot tell
How, in thy journey to that trackleſs ſky,
I ſhould be hindrance to thy upward path;
Let me go by thy ſide,—be thou to me
The teacher and the champion of the truth;
And when thou ſtand'ſt by God's eternal throne,
Thine offering ſhall be, not one ſoul, but two,—
Mine, dark until illumed by light of thine,
As by the ſun the world; and ſaved through thee.
And for my love, that ſhall not hinder thee,
Since I none other know for thee but this,—

The love that hath no thought except to watch
Through the long day the changes of thy face—
Through the ſtill night the ſhadows on thy ſleep,
Till I can read thy dreams on lip and brow,
Weaving a hiſtory for every ſmile;
When thou art abſent, liſtening to thy ſtep
Making ſoft muſic through the crackling leaves;
When thou art ſilent, waiting for thy voice
Until I half imagined that you ſpoke,—
Imagining ſo much what you would ſpeak—
Or calling back the tones of yeſterday
To muſe and brood upon. Such love as this
Would be my glory through the long, ſlow years,
Until I laid me down upon thy grave,
(For I could die of nothing but thy death,
Taking ſuch life from every look of thine)
And died of joy, not ſorrow; ſince by thee
I've learned the faith which is the death of death!—
Such love as this can ſcarcely hinder thee,—
Shall never let thee from the golden goal!
So, on my knees, I pray thee to remain;

Build thy fair home in the wide foreſt here,
Where'er thou wilt; for thou, that art my world,
Canſt make a world for me where'er thou art.
Bring thy young wife: I will for her and thee
Be handmaiden and ſiſter." "No, Wild Roſe,
Siſter thou canſt not be to ſuch as I;
Nor canſt thou e'er be more. All love of mine
Is due to one; and ſhe ſhall have her due!—
Love, ſanctified by grave and holy men
Through the long ages of the Chriſtian faith,
And regiſtered by vows ordained by God;
The which departing from, to ſin and death
He leaves the ſouls rebellious to His word."
"And, Pale-face, in your ſoul, your thought, your heart,
There is no place for any love but this?"
"For none but this. Philoſophers have lied,
Falſe to the life-blood of their beating hearts,
And found their madneſs to be madneſs, but
When it has driven them mad,—have wrecked their ſouls
On ſome chimera of the Grecian ſage,
Going down blindfold to the depths of ſin.

Look up, ſweet wild flower, to that deep blue heaven,
Purple enamel, gemmed with golden lamps,
God's jewelled breaſtplate! Poor, that mighty type—
Albeit it ſeems ſo infinite to us—
Of His infinity, and of the home
He keeps for thee beyond thoſe ſtarry worlds!—
Bright ſentinels of that far land, as far
Beyond their light, as they beyond our ken.
Angels, Menamenee, await thee there,
Keeping thy beſt ſmiles, which are all too bright
For common wear on earth, to give to thee,
The jewels of thy bridal day, in heaven.
And think, dear child, when Earth's poor hopes are dark,
This is the dream, and that will be the waking;
This the black night, that the unbroken morning;
This life the death,—that death we dread, the gate
That opens on true life! Oh, falſe, falſe world,
Mocking us with wild tears for griefs unreal,—
Tortures that are but ſhadows,—heart-breaks, pains,
Paſſions, and madneſſes, that ſhould not be
By us, whoſe faith reſts in a future bliſs,

Further regarded than a fitful dream!"
"It is your voice!—'tis ſweet to hear you talk!
When you ſpeak thus to me, my heart is rent
By two emotions,—happineſs and pain;
Your accents bring delight, and always muſt
To me, albeit your words convey deſpair.
Oh, tell me, Pale-face,—pale, cold, dead of heart,
You ſay that if you loved (as you do not—
'As I do not love!'—well I marked the words,
That ſtifled hope or ever it was born!)
That future home your God has promiſed me
I ſhould not enter,—that eternal life,
The gift of heavenly love, were loſt to me,—
Loſt, having won thy love!" "What then, Wild Roſe?"
"I would reſign that gift. I will not ſay
I would exchange it, Pale-face, for thy love;
For there is nothing that my ſoul can dream,
Or that my mind can fathom, I could ſet
Againſt the value of thy love to me;
But I would throw that heavenly hope away
To win this earthly bliſs,—as would a child,

Who, wondering, ſees the ſtars he cannot reach,
Barter them for the wild flower at his feet:
For what to him the glory of the ſtars,
So that he loves the frail wood-bloſſom moſt?
The prize we ſeek for from the hand of God
Is not *the beſt*, but that which beſt we love."
"Menamenee, thou know'ſt not what thou ſay'ſt!"
"I cannot ſay what I have in my heart,
Or, if I could, I think 'twould touch thine own;
But well I know what I do ſay, and know
How powerleſs it is to tell my thought.
Oh, what a broken mirror of the ſoul
Is the beſt language that the tongue can frame!
If, as thou ſay'ſt, beyond this hope of heaven,
There is a wild fear of a puniſhment
For love, which thou call'ſt ſin ——" "Menamenee!"
"Thou canſt not check me!—Then I'd brave that fear,
Defy that puniſhment,—as little heed
Its coming, while thou held'ſt me in thine heart,
As I would fear the gloom of night, while day
Shone glorious on the world!" "Menamenee!"

"I'll ſay no more! If thou canſt love me now,
Take me,—thy ſlave, the weed beneath thy feet
To trample out of life, if ſo thou wilt!"

Still ſilently he ſtands; with thoughtful eyes,
That look on the wild maiden's wild deſpair,
With tearleſs, hopeleſs grief as great as hers,
But calm as ſome old Roman's agony.
He muſt not take her in his ſheltering arms,
He muſt not fight the battle by her ſide,
O'er Life's wide ſea ſhe muſt go forth alone;
He, powerleſs to ſhield her from one wave,
Or warn her from one rock, upon the ſhore
Muſt leave her,—ſo abandoned, wild, and loſt,
He cannot doubt her ſhipwreck in the ſtorm.

All this was in his heart, and yet he turned,
And left her with the black night coming down,
Her only comforter; chill, riſing winds,
The tendereſt friends ſhe had to dry her tears;
And nothing nearer her than—God! and He

Seemed ſo far off to this poor helpleſs child,
Who ſeeing him on earth, ſhe loved above
All heaven and earth, ſo deaf to her deſpair,
Thought God Himſelf would fail to hear her cry,
And pitying ſend His pitying angel — Death.
He read her thought. A light was in his heart,
By which he ſaw the darkneſs within hers ;
And yet he left her. But he read that night —
The Indians peeped in at his doorleſs hut,
And, wondering, ſaw him poring on the page —
He read, how Abraham gave his only ſon,
While God ſmiled on the ſacrifice of faith,
Sparing its conſummation. And he read
Of One in all things tempted like to us ;
Who, above all things, purely paſſed through all,
To prove man could be ſpotleſs to the laſt,
And going through fire, would never ſcorch his robes,
So, through the flame, he went ſtraight on to God.

She leaned againſt a tree, with ſlender hands
Claſping the trunk. " Would I were rooted here !

Would they would chain me in this lonely ſpot,
Or lay me, living, under the dull earth.
So, though I did not reſt, I could not ſtir,
And thus I could not follow him. Oh, where,
Where is the pride of the Dark Eagle's race,
That I ſhould make my love into a prayer,
And cry that out aloud which ſhould be ſtill,
Dying unſpoken in a woman's breaſt?
I cannot change my heart. Oh, Thou, who rul'ſt
Its every throb, know'ſt that it cannot change
Until Thy pity ſtills its pain in death.
I well may doubt his God is merciful;
When he, the mercileſs, can leave me here
To fight this ſtrife of my dark ſoul alone.
But I will cure me of this wild diſeaſe;
Will pluck this rooted ſerpent from my heart,
Will not be conquered, will not hear the voice
Of the dark waters in the long ſtill night
That cry to me, 'Come to our pitying breaſt,'—
Will not obey, upon the mountain-tops,
The winds that ſhriek—'Leap o'er yon precipice,

And thou ſhalt find a quiet reſt below.'
The gun, whoſe uſe *he* taught me, ſhall not tempt
My hand to turn the muzzle to my brow,
And from my brain blot love and life at once;
I will not daſh my head againſt the rocks,
As I have daſhed my heart out in this love
For one, far colder than the coldeſt rocks;
I will not die, but will be conqueror
In this great battle of the breaking heart."
So many days ſhe wandered through the deep
And wildeſt pathways of the black pine-woods,
Where night for ever dwells; and where the ſun,
Whoſe light was pain and wearineſs to her,
Came not to mock her with thoſe golden rays
She would not know, as meſſengers from heaven.
Her long looſe hair, in damp and tangled locks,
Veiled her wan face, and vexed her bloodſhot eyes
Which were more mournful for their tearleſſneſs,
And the redoubled luſtre of their gaze;
Fever and madneſs mingling in their light,
Until their brightneſs made them well-nigh blind.

Her dreſs hung looſe, and torn by branching ſhrubs,
Through which ſhe roamed unconſcious where ſhe trod ;
Each Indian trinket, tarniſhed, ſcattered, rent ;
Wampum, and beads, and trophies, once revered
By the Dark Eagle's race, unheeded hung
In wild confuſion 'midſt her falling hair.
So well ſhe ſhunned the wigwams of her race,
That the tribe ſought her long, and vainly ſought,
Till one, her favourite in the good time gone,—
One who had held her in his arms a child,
Met her by nightfall near a diſmal pool
On which the ſhade of many ſycamores
Fell, deepening the waters' unknown depth
With ſhadows darkening the ſhadowy ſtream :
He met her here, implored her to return,
Knelt, prayed,—nay, wept ; recalled her father's love,
Urged in her father's name her coming back
To her old place of honour in the tribe.
She looked at him with ſtrangely earneſt gaze,
And ſaid, "I try to know you, but can not
Remember where I ſaw you. Yet, I know

Your face was once a ſolace to my eyes ;
Your voice was once familiar to my ears ;
Your hand that now claſps mine with graſp ſo ſtrong
It hurts my wriſt, had once a friendly touch :
It muſt have been before I died ——" "Wild Roſe,
You are not dead. Sweet flower, you are not dead !
The leaves are ſcattered in their ſummer pride,
Their fragrance laviſhed on a wanton wind
That cannot know the glory they have loſt.
The ſtem remains — the flower will blow again,
For kindlier breezes to inhale its breath,
And warmer ſunlight to revive its bloom."
" You ſay I am not dead — this, you call *me*,
A weary body, ſuffering and cold,
Foot-ſore and weak, may be, indeed, alive,
If it be life, to ſuffer endleſs pain.
But this ——" She lays her hand upon her breaſt,
" But this is dead — this life within my life —
This life, the Pale-face bade me call my heart,
Is dead and cold. I weary with the weight
Of the dull corpſe I carry to and fro.

I do not know you — though athwart a mift
I fee a face that once was known to me ;
A muffled voice ftrikes on my wondering ear,
But of its import nothing do I know
Save that it would do that which no one can
Henceforth achieve for me — 'twould make me weep —
The birds have fung to me fweet, mournful notes
To melt the ice that freezes o'er my tears ;
The river, with a diftant murmuring voice,
Would have beguiled another's grief ; the flowers
Have held their fair heads up beneath my feet
For me to crufh, and given in their death
Fragrance to chide me, till I fhould regret them,
And thus be won to weeping. All in vain,
No voice of earth or fky can touch my heart
Save one — I fhall hear that before I die !"
He faw that fhe was mad. She would not go
Back to her home with him. With a ftrange laugh,
She faid, " My home is in the foreft now,
Wider and ftatelier than my old abode,
More fitting for a Princefs fuch as I ;

Here will I wander till I meet the friend
I ſeek through all my wanderings."
"And he ——?" "Is known for his unerring hand,
And is a leech eſteemed through all the world:
Ne'er known to fail to cure. He will but lay
One finger on the pain I carry here,
And pain and patient will alike be ſtill.
I wait the echo of his lingering foot;
When I have met him, you ſhall take me back
To my old home; and in your ſongs that night
You ſhall give thanks for loſt Menamenee,
Whom the Great Spirit hath reſtored to peace—
Till then, farewell: thou'lt find me 'neath theſe trees;
It is our tryſting-place. At ſet of moon,
When the ſtars fade, and death is in the heavens,
His ſhadow on the earth ſhall fall on me;
On the tenth day from this, come here to ſeek
Your withered Roſe; till then, again, farewell!"
She flung his graſp from off her ſlender wriſt,
And ſprang into the thickeſt labyrinth.
Long time the Indian fought her through the pines;

He ſought in vain, and ſad and ſlow returned
To tell the tribe the ſtory of her woes,
Which had obſcured her brain and driven her mad.

So, ſtill ſhe wandered on until the morn
Aroſe upon the ſeventh day from that
On which ſhe met the Indian. She ſet forth
Bending her way toward the well-known ſpot,
Where Roderick Graham had hewn out the wood
And built the framework of his rough abode;
She came with tottering footſteps through the ſhade,
And came upon him unawares, and ſtood
Long, ſilently, ere ſhe made known her coming.
She ſaw him, leaning, with his axe in hand,
Againſt a monſter tree he had hewn down,
Loſt in grave thought; his dark-blue eyes were cloſed,
As if he would ſhut out a world he loathed,—
As if he would ſhut out the weary ſun;
And, turning his eyes inward on his heart,
Die of the tortures locked within its depth.

The Indian girl ſprang towards him with one bound,—
One ſhriek of triumph from her fevered lips,—
One flaſh of mad delight in her wild eyes:
"You lied! you lied!—you ſuffer, and for me!
You are—you are, indeed, my other ſoul!
The madneſs that hath driven me mad, is not
Unſhared by you; the deadly, poiſon cup,
So deeply drained by me, you, too, have drunk;
The fell diſeaſe that ſcorches through my brain,
Burning my ſenſe out, ſears your brain as well;
And we are one!—one, by the dreadful bond
Which binds us both with madneſs until death!—
Roderick, is this not love? Oh, falſe of tongue!
Think you that little golden trinket-ring,
A child might break, is ſuch a bond as this?—
Think you the God who made our ſouls alike,
Hath ſtamped that likeneſs on them for their curſe?
I could not love you as I do, if God
Had not ordained that I ſhould love you ſo.
His am I, with this ſin upon my head,
And His the ſin if there be ſin in this;

For He who made myſelf hath made my love,
Since that is more myſelf than I. I ſay
My love for you is wider than the ſeas,
And higher than the heavens!—Yet what am I?
A woman, feeble as the drooping reeds
That tremble on the river. I can bend,
But not my love; I tremble—I am faint,
But not my love; I weary—not my love;
And I can die, but deathleſs is my love!"
He ſaw that ſhe was mad. "Menamenee!"
"Oh, do not ſpeak to me!" ſhe cried; "I bore
To look on you, but cannot bear your voice.
That muſic ſends the blood into my brain,
Until the burning ſurges make me reel,
As if the ſeas were toſſing in my head!—
You ſee I'm not too mad to know I'm mad!—
Let me fly far from you, that I may die!
I cannot die while I am near you: Life
To me is—you! And while you're by, I live!
Farewell! I go from you—I go from life!"
She ſprang back through the bruſhwood, and was gone.

She had the thread of every foreſt path,
And only by a quivering of the ferns
Knew he which way ſhe wandered. Then he ſpoke:
"By Heaven and Earth!" he cried, "though both were loſt
In ſaving her, ſhe ſhall be ſaved by me!
Is my breaſt ſo impure, it cannot be
A holy ſhelter for this ſtricken fawn?
Is my heart, then, ſo vile, that it can beat,
And yet not feel one throb it dare confeſs
Reſponſive to a love as deep as this?
"Menamenee!" he called; "Menamenee!"
Only the echoes, taking up his voice,
Deceived him with the thought that he was heard,
And mocked him with his own deſpairing cry,—
"Menamenee!" The pine-woods lay before;
Behind, the little homeſtead he had raiſed
To ſhelter her—that other—whoſe bright face
And pure confiding eyes roſe up between
The Indian girl he followed, and himſelf;
And would not change from the eternal ſmile

That took its ſunſhine from her faith in him.
" Oh, my young wife, whom I am bound to love,—
Oh, my ſweet wife, whom I have loved ſo well,—
Fair, truſting girl, whom ſtill I fondly love,
Come not between me and this wretched one,
Whom I would only—ſhelter! Let me be
Her guide, to lead her to the living Rock,
From whoſe deep ſhadow conſolation falls
Upon the ſoul, as evening falls on earth!"
Thus cries his heart, he calling through the trees,
" Menamenee!—come back, Menamenee!"
Through labyrinths of ſhrubs and trailing weeds,
That hang about his feet and hinder him,
He ſeeks her in the foreſt; till, at laſt,
Through the deep ſhade, he ſees a ſunbeam glint
And ſhimmering, dance upon a fringe of beads,
That he remembered hanging round her dreſs,—
The ſimple Indian ornaments! He knew
The glitter of the worthleſs glaſs; he cries
Once more, " Menamenee!" and following
The glancing ſhadow through the ruſtling leaves,

Breaks through the foreſt out upon the ſhore
Of a great lake, and ſees her far away
Fluttering upon the ſummit of a crag,
Like ſome bright bird with wild, diſordered wings,
That ſmoothes its ruffled plumes before it ſoars.
Swiftly he ſprang acroſs the reedy waſte
That lay between them, and with one ſtrong hand
Caught at her garments. "Child, thou ſhalt not die!"
He ſaid. "Thou ſay'ſt! Indeed, I cannot die,
While thou art here! Why do you haunt me? you,
You croſs my path, now I have fled from yours!
I do abjure you, and the love I bore
For your dark, cruel face! Why do you ſtretch
Forth your ſtrong arm to ſtay me from the waves?—
Where, gazing down, I ſee my own wan face
Look up at me, and cry, 'Lo, here is peace!'"
"Becauſe I would not ſee thee ſo much ſin;
For He who holds the keys of life and death,
Curſes the mad intruder whoſe raſh foot
Through the dark threſhold of His myſtery
Unbidden enters." "Am I bound to live?

Is that," ſhe ſaid, " the law of your juſt God,
Whoſe mercy you have told of? My ſoul laughs
At mercy that refuſes me a grave!—
Let go your hold!"
" Oh, heavenly Father, Thou
The more than father of the ſtricken, hear
My prayer, and ſtrengthen my bewildered ſoul
With power to help this wretched one!" " You pray!
I ſee it in your eyes, although your lips
Move ſilently. Pray that I may fall dead,
Low at your feet!—Pray nothing elſe for me!"
He drew one arm around her ſhivering frame,
And led her gently—as one in a ſleep,
Who walks not knowing where—into the wood,
Until they ſtood beneath the maple-grove
Where laſt they had parted. " Now, Menamenee,
Wilt thou be calm and liſten?" " Ay!" ſhe ſaid,
One little, reſtleſs hand upon her gun,
With the inceſſant motion that betrays
The unhinged mind; " I'm calm enough," ſhe ſaid.
" The ſtorm is paſt: look into theſe dry eyes,

No rain of tears will ever drown again;
And do not fear the ſhower.—Shall I rave?
Hear my hoarſe voice,—ſo weak, I ſcarcely hear
Its tones myſelf: the power to ſtorm is gone—
Gone, with the power to weep!—What wouldſt thou ſay?"
"But this, Menamenee. My wife, ere long,
Will join me here; thou ſhalt, as once thou ſaidſt,—
Thou ſhalt a ſiſter, wild one, be to her;
And ſhe ſhall teach thee with that tender love
Woman, who loves and has her love returned,
Can feel for her who loves, yet loves in vain——"
"Thy wife!—Thy wife my ſiſter! Yes, I ſaid
We could be ſiſters. Through the ſilent nights
I've brooded many things within my breaſt,
And that amongſt them. No, that cannot be!—
Pale-face, I've found the ſecret of my grief!"—
Her hand upon the gun the while ſhe ſpeaks,
The left hand on the barrel, and the right
Driving the ramrod down upon the charge,—
"I've found the ſecret of this agony—
Thy life!" She laughed aloud the maniac's laugh,

Thy life! For wert thou dead, then might I reſt;
I could not track thy footſteps, nor could creep
And peer in through the crevice in thy hut,
To watch the outline of thy gloomy face
Againſt the lurid glow of the low fire.
I could not liſten to thy voice, that calls
Once in an hour, perchance, to horſe or dog,
And ſhivers in my heart as though one ſent
A frozen arrow through it. I ſhould be
At peace, ſo thou wert dead! Lo, here we ſtand;
The tall funereal trees about us frown
Like ghoſts of the dead chieftains of my race,
And each points to thee; they would have thee dead!
The ſlow, long waves upon the river banks
Curl upwards through the reeds, and then recoil
With a dull ſound that calls to me, as they,
With all the reſt, would have thee, Pale-face, dead!
In the grey ſky one dark and threatening cloud
Aſſumes the outline of a human hand,
And points to thee!" "Menamenee, thou'rt mad!"
"No, Scottiſh ſtranger, only deſperate!"

The little clicking ſound betrayed the hand
With which ſhe cocked the gun. "Menamenee!"
"Stand off!—away!—or I ſhall ſlay thee. Fly!
Truſt to thy ſwiftneſs through the winding paths;
Hide thyſelf from me and my wild deſpair,
There's ſomething here within my broken heart,
Stronger than even love. Away!—begone!
Go, meet thy wife, the fair, the delicate!
Her little feet about the craggy ſhores
Of our wild land, will wander till they fail,
Lacking thine arm: Go,—go to her you love,
And leave me, leſt I ſlay you!"
He had met
With madneſs ere to-day. His ſtern, dark glance
Caught hers, and fixed it, till her frenzied gaze
Trembled and wandered from him reſtleſſly;
Her hand relaxed its graſp, until the gun
She had juſt lifted, ſlid towards the ground.
"Menamenee!" He knew that life and death
Hung on the power of his dauntleſs glance
To hold at bay the wild and ſhipwrecked ſoul

So eager for deſtruction. Thus they ſtood,—
Stood face to face beneath the waving boughs,
While through his mind a thouſand hurrying thoughts
Roſe o'er the fatal preſent, and ſwept back
The pictured memories of days long dead :—
His wife, his Highland home, his friends, his kin,
The clan, the broad claymore, the heathery hills ;
The ſkirmiſh with the foe beſide the lake ;
The ſhivering harebells holding in their cup
A tiny drop of dew, which children ſaid
The good folk who had lodged a night in them,
Left in the flower for fairy recompenſe ;
The miſts upon the mountain-tops ; a voice —
His mother's — calling to him through the duſk ;
The white ſheep framed againſt the blackening ſky,
Upon the ſummit of a craggy paſs ;
The baying dogs, the pibroch's ſhrilly ſound,
Piercing the mountain air. His love — firſt love,
That firſt dear meeting by the rippling burn,
When the blue eyes that dared not look in his,
Told their ſweet ſtory, though they veiled their light.

All theſe thoughts in his heart, while his grave eyes
Still fix the flame in hers, and quench the fire
Madneſs has kindled there; but while he looks,
His life depending on his power to gaze,
The Devil looſed within her ſpirit, down,
One quiver in his glance reveals a hand
That leaves the gun, to flutter at her breaſt
And claſp a bunch of withered graſſes, tied
With a blue faded ribbon. He had plucked
And bound them thus, the day when firſt ſhe led
His feeble footſteps out into the air,
After the fever. Thrown aſide by him,
But treaſured ever afterwards by her,
She wore them in her boſom — when moſt mad,
Still ſane enough to guard them tenderly —
He gueſſed the ſtory of them. "Loving heart,
To cheriſh even this!" He glanced aſide
To wonder at this love. Too fatal glance!
Up to her ſhoulder went the gun — to fire,
And drive the deadly bullet through his heart,
Was but a moment!

So he fell, his face
Half buried in the rank growth of the graſs !
From the dull ſkies the thunder-clouds had rolled,
Uncurtaining a flood of ſummer light
That rippled through the dark aiſles of the wood,
Revealing at the end of an arcade,
Framed by a back-ground of green fluttering leaves,
Two figures bathed in ſunſhine — one, a girl,
Whoſe ſhowery curls of gliſtening golden hair
Floated about a cloak of homeſpun grey ;
While at her ſide, a knapſack in his hand,
A ſailor pointed onwards paſt the ſpot
On which the Scotchman lay. A hundred birds
Rejoiced in the new ſunſhine, and her voice,
Scarcely leſs joyous, prattled as ſhe walked
Beſide the ſailor. " He has built a hut,
My proud young huſband—ah, you've heard of that ?
I had his letter bidding me to come ;
I have it here upon my heart, a charm
I wore againſt the peril of the ſea ;
So that, if ſhipwrecked, I might take to death

A ſcrap of writing ſhaped by that dear hand ;
And I have left the only world I know
To come to this ſtrange world to follow him,
As I would follow him to death." "To death!"
The Indian Princeſs caught the words, and mocked
Their muſic in a wild, diſcordant ſcream,
Then pointed to the dead! The radiant curls
Of the young wife above his cluſtering hair
Fell, as ſhe dropped beſide him on her knees!
She lifted up his face with ſhuddering hands,
Inſtinctive terrors freezing all her heart,
And looking in that dead face, ſtraightway ſaw
It was the only face earth held for her —
This was her welcome to her Weſtern home!

Alas, for grief that will not kill! ſhe lived —
Lived to return to her dear Scottiſh land,
But never more to ſee as once ſhe ſaw
The blue ſky and the mountains. Dead in life,
For years, the duties of a loving child,
A tender friend, a miniſtering ſoul,

Were done by her—but more than dead in life,
Even the joy of ſeeing others joy,
Could not win ſmiles from her, nor tears!
She lived. If living death like this, be life—
It is to me ſo much to ſay—ſhe lived!

They buried him beneath the pines, and reared
A rough-hewn wooden croſs above his head—
On the third day from that on which he fell,
They ſet it up, the ſailors from the ſhip,—
The Engliſh ſhip,—and coming the next morn
To ſee if any had diſturbed it, found
The Indian Princeſs lying at its foot;
Her arms twined round that emblem of All Love,
Her head low buried on the freſh-turned ſod,
And like him, laid beneath it, cold in death.

THE SECRETARY.

I WAS his Lordſhip's ſecretary then,
Groping in duſty blue books half the day,
Scratching, with tired hand and rapid pen,
Letters,—hard things in courtly phraſe to ſay ;
Refuſing this or that with lordly grace,
Or granting now a penſion or a place :

Searching for claſſic reference half the night,
Scribbling ſtatiſtics till my ſight was dim,
And riſing often earlier than the light,
To work, and wait, and drudge, and think for him :
My days were hardſhips and my nights were pain,
To ſoothe my ſoul I dreamed. Wild dream and vain !

Wild dream! Oh, wilder looking back than then!—
And then, oh, wilder than I dared to think!
I knew my ſtation 'mongſt my fellow-men,
And yet ſo near the fount, I could but drink:
So, knowing it was poiſon all the while,
I drained the poiſon of my lady's ſmile,—

His daughter, Lady Lucy. I would not
Paint the dark face,—ſo dark, and darkly bright;
So pale, yet with a roſy glow that ſhot
Through the pale cheek and flufhed it into light;
The deep grey eyes—long-while I thought them black:
I loved her—I—I, my Lord's hired hack!—

His drudge!—the dull machine!—the man he paid
To dig out from the ruins of old dreams,
Gems of high thought, which might, reſet, be made
To light his laſt dull ſpeech with borrowed beams,—
I, whoſe taſk was it to correct a proof,
Reviſe an eſſay, work, and keep aloof!—

Yes, keep aloof,—outſide the high, bright ſphere,
  Which was not, and which never could be, mine;
A diſtant world, however ſeeming near;
  Wide gulfs betwixt the portal and the ſhrine:
Yet, Lady Lucy, well you might have known,
You had no other ſoul ſo near your own!

Who thought with you as I did? Who of all,
  Perfumed Lifeguardſman, Marquis, Lord, or Duke,—
Which of the ſpaniels coming at your call,
  To whom your ſoul was as an open book?
Whoſe words came trembling over yours, and who
Drew back to let his thoughts be told by you?

Who laughed at what you laughed at,—who could tell
  In every page of the laſt book you read
The very phraſes which would pleaſe you well,
  Where you would ſmile, where toſs your ſcornful head?
We have but half-ſouls, lady, and my ſoul
Muſt have joined yours to make a perfect whole!

Perhaps you knew this—perhaps never knew,
But there has been a trembling in your voice,
That every vein of mine went ſhivering through,
While all my mounting blood cried out, "Rejoice!"
Till its ſwift torrent, hot in throat and cheek,
Stifled the words I vainly tried to ſpeak.

Whether ſhe led me on, or whether I
Had but my own mad ſelf alone to blame,
I cannot tell; but love grew agony,
The world's cold barriers fell before the flame,
And words I would have died to keep unſpoken,
Told her the heart that ſhe had won—and broken!

"For hearts are toys, and why not ſhatter them?
The bracelet on your round, lace-ſhrouded arm,
With fairy dangling gold and glimmering gem,
You break in pretty petulance. What harm
To cruſh out hearts not of your own degree,
And trample on a low-born worm like me?"

I know the very hour I ſpoke all this:
The gilded clock—where Cupid, all in gold,
Stole from his mother, golden too, a kiſs—
With a low melody the half-hour told:
The ſcent of flowers upon the balcony
Came blowing in. All this is ſtill with me.

The hot ſun, ſhut out by Venetian blinds,
Drew ſtreaks of light upon the velvet pile;
And in the ſquare without, warm ſummer winds
Fluttered the leaves. I ſee my lady's ſmile;
She ſat in a low chair, with cuſhions piled;
No one was near,—perhaps that's why ſhe ſmiled.

Too early for the Duke—the Marquis, too,
He would not call ſo ſoon. I brought a book
Which ſhe had aſked me for. I knew—I knew
I could not cauſe that bright, quick, ſtartled look,
That ſhot into her eyes before they fell,
And ſhot into my heart of hearts as well.

She thanked me for remembering her requeſt ;
I laughed a bitter laugh. Remember ? Yes,
Remember ! Oh, the tortures, the unreſt,—
The long, long hours—the dreams, the wild diſtreſs,—
Waking to find how falſe they were ! I bowed ;
My heart might have told all, it beat ſo loud.

It beat againſt my breaſt ; with ſtormy cry
It ſaid, " Why do I ſuffer thus ? Fool, ſpeak !
No longer ſilence. Tell her all,—and die !
In one great rapture let me burn and break.
The worſt is paſt, the torture deep and dumb ;
I have died daily, let the laſt death come.

" Tell her, and hear her ſtorm of pride and ſcorn ;
Bare the rent breaſt to brave her worſt cold word—
Than life has been, can it be more forlorn ?
Though heard with ſcorn, 't were ſomething to be heard.
Tell the great love, the ſtruggle of your life,
And come defeat, it will but end the ſtrife.

"You know what ſhe will anſwer. Have you not
A hundred thouſand times rehearſed this ſcene?
Her fancied ſcorn has made your cheek grow hot:
Can the real pain be worſe than that has been,
When you have conjured up her angry eyes,
And gone half-mad with pictured agonies?"

We talked about the weather and the town.
She ſaid, how full it was. Oh, wondrous art!
To ſpeak of theſe things—keep the paſſion down—
Hold the ſtrong tempeſt raging in my heart,
And anſwer her,—"Yes, town, indeed, is full;
And Brighton, as you ſay, no doubt was dull."

"You drive to Richmond?—No! Ride in the Row?
The laſt new novel?—Good! I think ſo, too.
You've read thoſe poems by Lord So-and-So?"
And thus I held the ſtorm, although I knew
The wild, mad words would break forth at the laſt:
The gilt clock chimed another half-hour paſt.

And as it ſtruck, I ſtanding lingering there,
She, looking up, cried out, "How pale, how white
You grow; are you not well?" Down by her chair
I fell, half on my knees. A painful light
Glared in my eyes—the blood ruſhed to my head—
The pictured walls ſpun round. "Oh! to be dead!

"Dead, Lucy! Dead, and gone to burning flame,
For one brief kindneſs from thoſe deep dark eyes!"
In words like theſe the ſpoken madneſs came:
"Oh, hear the great voice of my miſeries,
Hear the ſtrong language of the breaking heart,
Which, ere it breaks, would tell how loved thou art.

"This little moment is my life. The reſt,
The fever, and the madneſs, and the pain,
Was living death. Oh, Lucy, to be bleſt!
To live! Though I go back to death again;
For one wild rapture barter length of days,
And burn out all my ſoul in one fierce blaze!"

She did not ſpeak. A white imploring hand
Fluttered before me, as 'twould bid me riſe;
I roſe, and ſtood as drunken men that ſtand
Thinking the earth reels, and not they. Her eyes!
Was it the miſt on mine? or were they wet?
I knew not then, nor know I truly yet.

The Earl's hand on my ſhoulder! A ſtrong graſp!
A riding-whip that whiſtled through the air!
I tried to ſtrike him down—but the light claſp
Of two white arms, ſo fragile and ſo fair,
Entwined in mine, I could not diſengage:
I could not hurt *her* in my wildeſt rage.

I felt the hot blood trickling on my face;
The whip had blinded me—I could not ſee!
Great crimſon waves ſurged up and filled the place,
I could not tell whether it was for me
Or for her father, that long fearful ſcream—
I tried again to ſtrike him —— then, a dream!

Dreams that were madneſs ; yet I knew I dreamed,
Having at intervals a dim, dull ſenſe,
Of ſomething horrible : not all it ſeemed,
Being a ghaſtly horror too intenſe
To be a thing of fleſh and blood vitality,
Its darkeſt terror being unreality.

For the vile creatures glaring round my bed,
Were vileſt, and moſt hateful to my eyes,
Becauſe I knew that from my own hot head
Sprung forth theſe perſonated agonies ;
Aye, the worſt fiend that tortured me, I knew
Out of my own hell-haunted fancy grew.

After the Earl's whip cut me in the face,
After the rage that would have ſtruck him dead,
I have no memory of time or place ;
Lying on, what all thought, a dying bed,
A terror to the houſe that heard me rave,
While doctors—pitying—ſtrove my life to ſave.

Oh, the long hours! Oh, the eternal nights!
The problems on the hideous papered wall,
The ſtrange bewildering ſounds, conflicting lights,
Now drawing-room, priſon-houſe, or ſenate-hall,
The Strangers' Gallery, the Park, the Ring,
I, everywhere at once—and everything.

Labouring always—always growing near
To the dear object of my heart and life;
Purſuing ſtill through every doubt and fear,
Now vanquiſhed, now a victor in the ſtrife,
But never, never, never once to gain
The end that had rewarded all my pain.

Never to ſee her, claſp her in my hand,
Hear her dear voice; in one long dream I know
Without her boudoir door I ſeemed to ſtand,
And knocking, heard her anſwer ſweet and low;
Yet though ſo near my heaven of heavens to win,
Even in dreams I could not enter in.

Sometimes I was a king, and my hot brain
Seared by a golden crown, that ſeemed to be
The glittering cauſe of my undying pain:
Sometimes, far out upon a loathſome ſea,
Floating 'midſt weeds that changed into dead men,
Now whelm'd I ſunk, now ſtruggled on again.

So, through delirium's worſt and darkeſt forms,
I battled with the only friend I had;
Battled with Death ——. The haven from all ſtorms,
I was ſo near, yet entered not; ſo mad
As never in my agonies to know
The friendly hand I had entreated ſo

To lay its ſoothing touch upon my heart,
And lull it into reſt—and ſo he paſſed,
The pale-horſe and his rider ſo depart—
The loaded ferry-boat ſpeeds onward faſt,
And I left ſhivering on the unfriendly ſhore,
Hear the laſt echo of the old man's oar.

They told me I was ſaved, the criſis o'er—
Two packets lay upon my table—one,
In the Earl's hand, a haughty mandate bore,
That my old taſks might be again begun
When I was equal to them,—this was all;
He thought me ſtill then at his beck and call!

The ſecond was a daily journal, wet,
And folded upwards a long paragraph,
Marked with a daſh of ink. A Baronet,
One of our gracious Sovereign's houſehold ſtaff,
Was, they had heard, about ere long to wed
The Lady Lucy ——. Oh! weak heart and head,

That could not ſee the ſhipwrecked paſſion ſink
Without that wild cry for the treaſure loſt,
Which, after all, could we but wiſely think,
Was never worth the racking pain it coſt—
The pang that ends love's dream ſhould move one ſigh
No more than parting with an aching tooth.

'Tis gone—the torture, and the waking hour—
Gone with the pain; we ſhall ſleep ſound to-night—
No more the plaything of a woman's power;
Our heart is empty, but our heart is light;
Send the cold corpſe of dead love to the tomb,
And ſweep and garniſh forth the vacant room

For the next comer; *Vive la Bagatelle!*
And if we cannot dream as we have dreamed,
If life has loſt a ſunlight and a ſpell,
It never was the golden thing it ſeemed;
We only mourn a phantom, and are made
Wretched, becauſe we could not graſp a ſhade.

Yes, we have played Pygmalion's fooliſh part,
Created beauty, and believed it fair,
But could not give the marble, ſoul or heart,
And ſo forſake the ſtatue in deſpair,
Becauſe it is a ſtatue. Let it go,
We have learned wiſdom from love's overthrow.

"*Amare et ſapere*,"—yes, the ſage
Said well, for God concedes that gift to none—
Strike out the pitiful and puerile page,
Love dies from life ere life is well begun;
And I've a purpoſe left to live for yet—
Some things, my lord, we do not ſoon forget.

There is a reckoning yet 'twixt you and me,
Which you, no doubt, ſuppoſe I ſhall forego;
For from the height of ariſtocracy,
You, looking down on the poor worms below,
May think we have not paſſions, rage, or pride,
And that blows do not ſting through our thick hide.

I can afford to wait—I am not one
That can forget—I have no gentleneſs,
Or if I ever had, it now is gone—
Gone with my waſted love. I do confeſs
I can remember ſcorn or inſult long,
And never yet forgave a fancied wrong.

But I can wait. I've ſomething in my blood
That may be madneſs, or that may be hate;
I watch the tide, and when it gains the flood,
That hour is mine, though it come long and late.
I may not ſtrike you openly, but when
You are ſtruck down where moſt you truſted, then,

Then know it is my hand that prompts the blow,
However far I be, however long
Ere I avenge that ſcene of which we know,
And whenceſoe'er appear to come the wrong—
In the meanwhile, my lord, as heretofore,
I am your ſecretary, and no more.

So weeks grew into months. Lucy was gone—
Married, and travelling on the Continent;
And months grew into years, and I, alone,
Had no companion, but that ſtrong intent,
That one great purpoſe,—*vengeance upon him*,
Beſide which every other dream grew dim.

And ſo farewell to Love, my miſtreſs now
  Was Hate—and yet ſhe ſeemed ſo little changed,
My goddeſs, that I ſometimes wondered how
  Her true name ſhould not have been "love eſtranged."
The old, old fever: yes, indeed, her name
Alone was new, her attributes the ſame.

The ſame long ſleepleſs nights, the ſame deſpair,
  When the dark end appeared ſo far away;
I know the Fury's face was not ſo fair
  As the dear Pſyche of the bygone day;
The old griefs were far purer, I confeſs,
But the old pain, I think, was ſcarcely leſs.

So months grew into years, and he, the Earl,
  Married a ſecond time. I ſaw his wife,
She might have been his daughter, a fair girl—
  What! could he dare the tempeſt and the ſtrife,
Give his calm days into a woman's power,
And live the life that changes every hour?

Now happy, now accurſed ; now doubt, now fear,
Uſurping the once proud and peaceful breaſt ;
Only more wretched as ſhe grows more dear,
And knowing every joy but that of reſt :
Yes, he was now the ſlave to woman's whim,
I could almoſt afford to pity him ;

But that I had that purpoſe to achieve—
I think for ſome time they were happy. Yes,
And at the firſt ſhe loved him, I believe,
And the fair face and floating golden treſs,
Her ſilken robes, her jewels, feathers, lace,
Fluttered like ſunſhine through the gloomy place.

A year had paſſed after their bridal tour,
And we were ſtaying at his country-ſeat,
A park upon the margin of a moor,
The politician's favourite retreat,
Where, far from the dull labours of the ſtate,
He had a haven from the ſtorms of fate.

Here, by her ſide, he ſeemed to me to change,—
To be transformed into a better man;
Even his voice would have a muſic, ſtrange
To its old cadence. Love, perhaps, which can
Work miracles at will, did this. I know
That even I ſaw it—I, his bittereſt foe!

He changed to me—the ſtern and haughty air
Subdued. He never thought of that black day
On which he ſtruck me; deeming I could bear
(As formed, no doubt, of quite a different clay
To the fine porcelain of his rank and ſtate)
An inſult, and not pay it back in hate.

And ſo, he ſmiled; and I, poor wretch, might baſk
In the new ſunſhine of his princely grace!
He gave me, too, a well-bred lacquey's taſk,—
To be my lady's guide about the place,
Her mediator with the pariſh poor—
Her envoy to the ſtarving peaſant's door.

I know not how, but thrown together thus,
It ſeemed as though we had been friends from youth ;
A likeneſs of the mind united us :
Her ſpirit mirrored mine with fatal truth,
And trembling on her lips, ſurpriſed, I've heard
The echo of my own unſpoken word.

She was not——no, 'tis hard to ſay the word,—
She was not that the ſternly juſt call good ;
High ſentiments from thoſe ſweet lips I've heard,
And ſeen the fair face fluſh with noble blood,
When ſhe has marked th' oppreſſion of the ſtrong,—
A glowing proteſt againſt want and wrong.

Alas ! ſhe was not all ſhe might have been !
She had not that high ſtrength of mind, that takes
Its own pure ſtanding-place upon life's ſcene,
And guards a heart, all virtue's, till it breaks ;
She was a thing of impulſes, and made
Ever by outward influence to be ſwayed.

And I, grown bitter from that olden wrong—
  The avenging Furies muſt have willed it ſo—
I,—whoſe each word was harſh, contemptuous, ſtrong,
  Dark with ſuch doubts as only bad men know,—
Reigned in this ſtormy ſoul, ſo like my own;
And for his ſlave, my lord was overthrown.

Heaven knows I never wooed her, never ſought
  This vengeance, till it fell acroſs my path;
The ready-faſhioned thunderbolt I caught,
  And ſeized the power it gave to wreak my wrath:
So came the flood-tide of my darkening fate,
And blindfold Love took up the arms of Hate.

One fair June morning, when departed May
  Yet left her white wraith in the hawthorn flower,
Blue violets ſtarred the bloom-enamelled way,
  Pale cowſlips trembled deep in grove and bower,
She—Eleanor, the Counteſs—walked with me
Home through a wood. We had both been to ſee

A ſick man,—dying, as he proved to be:
The dull eyes glazed before us in the room,
And the dark ſhadows of mortality
Roſe in his face and filled the place with gloom.
Oh, deep relief, in the bright ſummer air,
To find that even yet the earth was fair!

How fair to-day! Beneath the dark arcade
The waving hyacinths, in one azure ſheet,
Deepening to richer purple in the ſhade,
Trembled, a ſea of flowers at our feet,
O'er which the fairies only ſhould have trod.
"The poor old man is gone, then?" "Yes. O God!

"To be where he is now, and to be free
From all the torments and conflicting throes,
The immortal tortures of mortality,—
To be with him, it may be in repoſe,—
To go from under yonder weary ſun,—
To go—aye, even with my work undone!"

She, Eleanor — I knew ſhe loved me, yet
I knew the ſtrong reſtraining woman's pride;
Love, ſtrong to conquer when that power is ſet
Againſt the power to die: down by my ſide,
Deep in the hyacinths, fell on her knees
The Aphrodite of thoſe purple ſeas.

Her head ſank low upon her ſlender hands,
And all its wealth of heavy cheſtnut hair
Uncoiled itſelf from claſſic plaited bands,
And fell about her throat. So, kneeling there,
Midſt wild hyſteric ſobs, whoſe paſſion broke
Above the paſſion of her words, ſhe ſpoke,—

"Why do you ſpeak thus? — What, you wiſh to die?
You! and with you death means, indeed, the End!
Have you no pity, then? You know that I
Live for you, by you; and the pang muſt rend
My life from out my ſoul, when yours is reft! —
Lionel! you ſhall not go, and I be left

" To die upon your corpſe, for there would be,
In that one moment before I could die,
The tortures of a lifetime; I ſhould ſee
Your face without the light; your dark deep eye
With no ſoul looking out, and I alone,
The hideous earth ſtill ſtanding, and you—gone!

" No, no, if life be wearifome to you,
Give me your hand, and lead me where you will,
The road can have no fears, though wild and new
The path, if I am with you, near you ſtill;
The cup you drink, what draught ſoe'er, can be
Nothing but nectar, Lionel, to me.

" Perdition has no dread—the beſt, the worſt
That dim beyond can give to you and me;
My curſe 'twere to be bleſt were you accurſt,
And miſery with you, not miſery!
The drearieſt circle in that lower world
Were heaven to me, ſo I with you were hurled.

"And fell with you, with you to ſink or riſe,
To be that which indeed I almoſt dream
I am—yourſelf! In thoſe myſterious ſkies,
If, as I've ſometimes almoſt dared to deem—
There is a better home from which we came,
There, Lionel, we muſt have been the ſame.

"You think I'm mad. Oh, Lionel, condemn,
Deſpiſe me as you will. The tale is told—
My ſoul has found wild words, and yet in them,
My thoughts' tranſlation ſounds but dull and cold;
There is no language the ſtrong heart can ſpeak,
It can but inarticulately break."

Oh, to have had a better, purer heart,
However ſtricken, to have ſet her right,
To have loved, yet had the power to depart,
And leave her journeying onward to the light.
To have ſaid. "Let us lift our tearful eyes,
And find a holier madneſs in the ſkies!"

She ſhould have had the ſtrong old Roman faith,
And firmer will than hers to guide her way:
She, ſtrong for ſelf-abandonment, for death,
But oh! ſo wandered from the light of day;
So given over to the wild, brave ſoul,
Great in all ſacrifice but ſelf-control!

I loved her! Could I leſs when ſo beloved?
And in my younger, purer, better days,
Out of this depth of love, whoſe depth is proved
Beſt by renunciation — which gainſays
Its own wild promptings for another's bliſs,
I could have told her all the wrong of this:

I could have ſpoken, in thoſe earlier years,
Good words, whoſe holy ſtrength might make her ſtrong;
I could have pointed through all doubts and fears
To that one road, however lone and long,
Which is the only pathway for the bleſt,
And whoſe ſure end is in a heavenly reſt.

But all was darkened, all had long been blind;
The deep blue ſky was now but deep and blue,
I recked no longer of a home behind,
Or ſaw a promiſe in the rainbow's hue,
The great undying ſtars were only ſtages
In the vaſt mechaniſm of the ages.

There was no heaven, the earth was but a ſhow,
And we, ſo leſs than nothing! Let us live!
Poor at the beſt the utmoſt joys we know—
All we can ſnatch is little; what they give,
Theſe gods, is ours: "My Eleanor, my ſoul,
The unknown oceans round us rave and roll;

"The unknown ſhores beyond, if ſhores there be,
Are diſtant, and they may be dark and cold;
But we, we know but this,—for you, for me,
Is but one certainty when all is told;
That you, life of my heart, alone are mine,
And I, in ſpite of heaven and earth, am thine."

She yielded to my prayers, that ſhe ſhould fly
With me, far from the falſe life which ſhe led;
The mockery of truth, the acted lie,
Were to be hers no more. That night we fled —
He, reading in his ſtudy ſat till late,
While we met by a lonely orchard-gate,

That led into the wood, thence to the road,
Where a chaiſe waited for us. Through the night
The ſummer lightnings, palely trembling, ſhowed
Eleanor's beauty, calm but deadly white.
The die was caſt, the Rubicon was paſt,
And ſhe was free, and I avenged at laſt!

How ſhall I tell the reſt?—my life has been
A poor, mad record even at the beſt:
But now I come upon that dreadful ſcene,
The which once acted, ſleep, and peace, and reſt,
Fly from my ſoul; and, burning in my brain,
Blaze the firſt fires of eternal pain.

He overtook us. I had thought of this,
And wiſhed it might be ſo — I wiſhed to ſay,
"Behold, my lord, her who once made your bliſs:
We are avenged. I've waited for to-day;
Amongſt your *other dogs*, ſome few ſharp hits
Your lordſhip one day gave me. We are quits!"

It would be thus, I ſaid. It was not ſo!
He overtook us at a village, where
We had changed horſes; nothing do I know
Of how he traced us, only he was there,
Shaking his feeble threatening hand on high,
And ſcreaming curſes to the ſtormy ſky,

Calling the lightnings down to ſtrike her dead —
She ſtood a little way apart from me;
Great raindrops fell on her uncovered head,
I tried to lead her to the chaiſe, but ſhe
Refuſed to ſtir from where ſhe ſtood; "I own
The wrong I've done you — it is mine alone.

"Not his," ſhe ſaid, "the blame; I will not ſpeak
Of *why* I love him. He who made my ſoul
Knows that, not I. I have been wild and weak,
Wicked, degraded, loſt; a dreary goal
Muſt end the race I run; all this I know,
You can but curſe my madneſs, and then go—

"Go to the world, and tell it what I am,
And that I dare proclaim my guilt aloud;
Tell how I ſpurned the falſehood and the ſham,
The farce, the painted ſhow, the hireling crowd,
Ready to crawl before the guiltieſt name,
And only mercileſs to open ſhame."

I could not ſee his face. I threw my arm
Round Eleanor, to draw her to my ſide,
To ſhelter her from his wild rage. She, calm,
Repelled protection, and with fearleſs pride
Stood as a ſtatue, waiting for the end,
And as a ſtatue ſeemed as like to bend.

The threatening hand I ſaw was raiſed again,
But ſaw no more, when ſhe, with one wild cry,
Sprang in my arms—a bullet pierced her brain,—
It was my heart he aimed at—and then I
Felt the warm life-blood trickling on my breaſt;
'Twas hers—and ſhe was dead. She is at reſt!

She died for me, for me ſhe gave her name,
(Oh, do not ſay ſhe gave her ſoul as well,)
Up to eternal and undying ſhame;
For me, by murd'rous hands in youth ſhe fell;
She caught the ſtroke that ſhould have ſet me free,
And took the deadly ball deſigned for me.

And never mine in life, but mine in death,
I laid her corpſe in the rude Inn's beſt room,
Watched the blood-dabbled lips from which no breath
Should ever come again; while through the gloom
The pale face ſhone out from the tangled hair
With ghaſtly beauty, terrible as fair.

They took the Earl, and bound him, mad and raving,
Like ſome wild thing which fills men's minds with dread,
Now for ſome means to end his torments craving,
Now crying out, that it was *I* was dead,
"Not her," he ſhrieked,—"it was not ſhe who fell,—
It could not be, I took my aim too well."

Through the long night that ſeemed to know no morning,
Through the long hours that ſeemed to know no cloſe,
I watched her till her face grew on the dawning
Out of the pillows, where in calm repoſe
She lay, and through the duſky, flickering light,
Her profile gleamed, one ſhadowy ſtreak of white.

It was not I, but he, then, that went mad;
Or was it me they bound, and him they left?
I cannot tell, ſome fever that I had,
Of that laſt day my memory has bereft.
I cannot tell. They tore me from the bed—
They ſhould have buried me alive inſtead.

They ſhould have laid me under the cold earth;
  They laid her there—what ſhe could ſuffer, I
Could ſuffer too—oh, what was my life worth?
  They laid her under the unpitying ſky,
The tempeſts beating down on that fair head,
But I will not believe that ſhe is dead:

If ſhe were dead ſhe could not watch with me
  Through the long nights, as ſhe has done. Yes, has!
They tell wild tales of my inſanity,
  But they are mad, not I—I've ſeen her, as
In the old days, with love in her blue eyes,
Too ſelf-abandoned to affect diſguiſe.

If ſhe were dead I ſhould not feel her breath
  Warm on my lips, as I do night and day;
All that we underſtand in that word Death,
  Is that the thing we love ſhall be—away—
And by this rule ſhe lives, and never died;
For never have I miſſed her from my ſide:

Now in her olden loveliness, and now
With smears of blood upon her whitened cheek,—
With damp, entangled hair, and ghastly brow,
And dabbled lips, no more to smile or speak,
But never absent—never, never gone,
And my worst loneliness has not been lone!

Why do they let her haunt me thus?—'twas she
Who first loved me—I read it in her face!
Love! Something more than love,—some devilry
That made perdition of each tender grace;
As though she said, "We both are mad, then why
Fight with a love, less love than destiny?"

I know our bond was madness, and not love;
The old, uncured passion drove me mad;
And her wild words, that seemed my heart to move,
But galvanised that dead dream: thus she had
Only from me that shadowy, second madness,—
A new-born love, born dead from bygone sadness.

Though all the nights are darkneſs, ſtill ſhe'll come;
And in the thick, black blindneſs ſhe is there:
She adds new horror to the diſmal gloom,
And makes more darkneſs with her falling hair;
So when that man who guards me ſays ſhe's dead,
I point to where ſhe ſits beſide my bed.

One day they let me out into the air,—
Into a garden, where thick groves of trees
Shut out the world. Oh, God! how fair—how fair
The place ſeemed to me! How the balmy breeze
Sent life and rapture thrilling through my breaſt!—
I half believed in that mad word called *reſt*.

And wandering through thick ſhrubberies, left at large
By him who guarded me, I came upon
A ſpot where ſat a keeper with his charge,—
An old, white-headed man. The hot ſun ſhone
Full in his face: ſo imbecile, ſo wild,
So childiſh, yet ſo little like a child!

I knew him!—Yes, this ghoſt of days gone by,—
This ſhadow of the thing that I had hated,—
This was the Earl! 'Twas fit, indeed, that I
Should meet him thus. Poor puppets, it was fated!
This blind, wild miſery, from firſt to laſt,
In planets untranſlateable was caſt.

He ſat and gibbered at ſome fooliſh game,
With painted paſteboards in his weak, white hands:
I know the day he played for name and fame,
And when his cards were nations, crowns, and lands;
Now with the toys of that poor, mad French king,
Well pleaſed, he played, as loſt and mad a thing.

Oh, to have met him in his day of power
In this deep, ſilent grove,—with one ſtrong hand
To have wreſtled with him in this lonely bower,
And left his black blood to pollute the land
On which we ſtood; that future years might know,
By poiſonous weeds, the ſpot where fell my foe!

But not for me this triumph. He was dead!
This poor, refuſcitated corpſe was not
A thing to hate! Upon this palſied head
What curſes could I heap? That it might rot,
And the crazed brain go back again to clay?
To wiſh this were to bleſs him. From that day

I never ſaw him more, nor wiſh to ſee:
What further vengeance can the Furies give?
The once proud Earl, who ſcorned and tortured me,
To change to this poor puppet, and *to live!*
I left him as I heard his ſhrill laugh ring,
Harſh and diſcordant, while he played a king!

His keeper fooled him. Thank God, I was poor!
They never lied to me: they let me be;
A harſh voice muttering at the grated door
(That was enough of outer life for me),
A ſurly order to me to be ſtill,—
Was my laugh, then, like thoſe, ſo wild and ſhrill,

That rang through the long galleries in the gloom?
Or was it I who laughed? It may have been,—
When horrid ſhapes roſe up and filled the room,
I may have ſhrieked; or when cold hands, unſeen,
But loathſome to the touch, plucked at my breaſt,
It may be that I broke the keeper's reſt.

Oh, for that lingering death that will not come!—
Is it a lie, then? Do men never die?
I have borne more in my life's little ſum
Than might have made a nation's agony;
And yet I live,—or is this, *after life*,
The fierce commencement of eternal ſtrife?

That thought has come to me,—that is the worſt
Of all my torments. Since I met with him,
I think that ſhe, and he, and I, accurſt,
Wander for ever here, where all is dim;
And horrid fancies haunt my burning head,
That we are dead, but know not we are dead!

If there is any peace or any heaven,
If on ſome diſtant ſhore there ſhould be—reſt;
If e'er was wretch from ſin by ſuffering ſhriven,
May I not have ſome title to be bleſt,—
My only crown of joy in Paradiſe,
Oblivion of my earthly miſeries?

I do not aſk to live—that dream is o'er;
I do not aſk to love—that lie has fled
In all the tortures of this hither ſhore,
And all the pangs of which my heart is dead!
The bliſs of heaven were ſcarcely bliſs to me,
And all I pray is, only—*not to be!*

THE LAST HOURS OF THE GIRONDISTS.

"GUILTY!" One wild, indignant ſhout! One of the band
Falls at his comrade's feet. "What, brother, weak?"
Dead, by his own and not the hangman's hand!
The only cowardice the records ſpeak
Is this, recorded in that marble cheek—
"Valazé, couldſt not thou like us await?
One common heart is ours; and it ſhould break
Beneath one blow. The traitor's venomed hate
Will but immortaliſe us with a martyr's fate."

One—Sillery—has caſt aſide his crutch:
"Oh! this, my day of glory, this!" he cries.
Then all, with one laſt, lingering, pitying touch,
Approach where coldly, dead Valazé lies.
Thus they depart—the glorious, the wiſe—
And with them fades the dream ſo pure and bright:
And Freedom's ſtar, new riſen in the ſkies,
They ſee o'erſhadowed. While a thick, black night
Reigns hideous in the land, and blood obſcures the light.

Back to their dungeon, with the inſpired ſong
Of freedom ſwelling on the midnight air!
Back to their dungeon—Oh! but not for long
Thoſe darkening walls together will they ſhare.
But friendly hands have ſpread a banquet there:
Great waxen lights are ſhimmering in the gloom,
While flowers, antithetically fair,
Upon the oaken priſon-table bloom.
What, is this revelry to mock their haſtening doom?

No ; but the high of ſoul, and pure of heart,
May ſmile upon the brink of that abyſs :
And, ere for brighter hemiſpheres they part,
Catch a laſt ſunbeam from the light of this.
To-morrow, death ! Dark ſynonyme for bliſs ;
To-night, wine, friendſhip,—aye, mirth if they will.
One voice alone from the proud band they miſs,
One vacant place the dead was meant to fill—
" To-morrow night, oh, brother, we ſhall lie as ſtill ! "

Thus ſeated round the board, with eyes illumed
With the foreſhadowed glory of their fate,
They talk, the young, the brave, the good, the doomed.
The immolation of inferior hate
May lay them low ; it lays them low too late—
They cannot be extinguiſhed. They have been,
And even in death will be for ever great !
So, with proud preſence, and the conqueror's mien,
They play the laſt ſad act upon their life's dark ſcene.

And in their talk there gleams the undying wit,
Which even the darkeſt ſubjects ſparkles o'er,
As a black ſky with ſummer lightning lit;
But mirth ſeems diſcord, and they evermore
Return to whiſperings of that unknown ſhore
To which they go. Genius with them is faith.
"What though we float there in a ſea of gore,
So that we reach the land; the uſeleſs ſheath
Flung from the immortal ſword, ſet free in death.

"And we ſhall meet, and meeting there, ſhall be
What we have not been in this mortal life,
Except in dreams. We ſhall be free; yes, free;
Regenerate by the baptiſmal knife,
Far from this land of murder, hate, and ſtrife,
We ſhall be there, where Liberty is Peace;
Where patriots win a crown with glory rife,
Where falſehood enters not, where diſcords ceaſe,
The pang theſe traitors chriſten death is but releaſe.

"Releaſe from what? A land whoſe ſoil is red
With innocent blood that crieth to the ſkies;
Where the axe reigns, nor ſpares the holieſt head;
Where glorious truths are made the maſks for lies,
Where widows' curſes, helpleſs orphans' cries,
And all the voices of the deſolate
From morn till night up to God's throne ariſe,
Where men breathe but one tongue of rage and hate,
And all, to ſtrike a neighbour's death-blow, watch and wait."

So the dawn finds them — earneſt yet ſerene,
Thoughtful not mournful. Peace has ſet a ſeal
On every brow. Life and the world have been,
And have been glorious. Their looks reveal
The calmneſs of repoſe that heroes feel;
The long campaign is o'er, the day is done,
They have fought nobly for a nation's weal,
The mighty cauſe they ſtruggled for have won,
And in a bed of glory redly ſinks their ſun.

JOANNA OF NAPLES.

A SHRIEK! one lingering diſmal ſcream,—
The ſleepers blend it with their dream,
And turn and ſleep again;
The ſwallows hear it in the eaves,
It trembles through the foreſt leaves,
And ſhakes the fields of grain.

The ſentry by the outer wall,
The houſe-dog dozing in the hall,
Liſt ſhivering to the ſound;
The courtiers in each turret room
Hear dreadful echoes pierce the gloom,
And fear to look around.

But ere it dies—that lingering ſcream—
Men ſtartled from a broken dream,
Spring wakeful to their feet;
And through the corridors they go,
With hurried footſteps to and fro,
While loud the tocſins beat.

One hears the voice, to whom each tone,
From its firſt accents fondly known,
Muſt yet familiar be:
His faithful nurſe, upon whoſe breaſt,
Prince Andreas once was huſhed to reſt,
Now cries, "I come to thee!

"My lord! my lord!" That hideous ſhriek
That chilled each heart and blanched each cheek,
From Andreas' chamber came.
She points the way—ſhe goes before—
She leads them to the lofty door,
While red the torches flame.

They draw their ſwords — they enter. What!
Nothing but ſilence? He is not!
His vacant couch beſide,
With ſhadowy face and falling hair,
Beneath the moonlight purely fair,
She ſtands — his ſometime bride.

No more! The lady and the light,
The ſtillneſs of the ſummer night,
The murmur of the trees;
Far off upon the mountain-ſide,
Like white-robed ghoſts the ſhadows glide,
And tremble on the ſeas.

No more! Her pale face meets the glare,
The gleaming torch, the courtiers' ſtare,
The wonder of the crowd.
She ſtands — a queen upon her throne
Ne'er ſtatelier ſtood than ſhe, alone,
As beautiful as proud.

"Why do you break upon my ſleep?
What mean theſe vigils that ye keep
About my chamber-door?"
Abaſhed, the ſquires and courtiers ſtand.
Waved back by that imperious hand,
And by the look ſhe wore.

Then ſpake the nurſe: "Your leave to ſpeak,
My lady! By that aſhen cheek,
From which the blood hath flown,
Where is the huſband long abhorred?
I aſk thee, woman, for thy lord,—
Why art thou here alone?"

She laughed: "'Tis ſtrange you aſk me this,
I never made his woe or bliſs;
Nor was it mine to know
Whither he went, or why he ſtaid!"
Thus gravely, then, the other ſaid,
"Cain, madam, anſwered ſo!"

"Look through the chamber, ſquires, and find
Your lord. It was no wandering wind
That called me from my bed;
A whiſper in the heart that nurſt
The prince, through love of her, accurſt,
Has told me, he is dead.

"Search, ſquires, and find your lord," ſhe cried,
Then flung the grated caſement wide,
And wildly gazed below:
Above the graſs the bloſſoms bend,—
The ſhadows of the lime-trees blend,
And flicker to and fro.

Here, with his face towards the ſky,
She ſees her murdered maſter lie,
With flowers about his head;
His blood upon the trampled ſod,
His ſoul, unſhriven, gone to God:
"I knew that he was dead:

"I knew that he was ſlain," ſhe cried,
"Heaven yield him joy of ſuch a bride!
And all the powers above,
Look down upon the next who woos,
And ſhield and proſper him who ſues
For ſuch a lady's love."

LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE.

ENCIRCLED by the deep black Convent ſhade,
So cloſe the ſhadows on my cloſing life,
And ſo all earthly joys, all worldly ſtrife,
Mix with the ſhadows, and to ſhadows fade.

Unto this quiet end, my weary feet
Have bent their toilſome way through maſque and fête;
Late come I here, but cannot come too late;
God's hand ſtill beckoning to this calm retreat.

This quiet end, with an unquiet mind,
Have I foreſeen through miſts of hindering tears,
Foreſhadowing, for many ſtormy years,
That day when I ſhould leave the world behind.

So, Louis, once mine Idol, Faith, and Shrine,
Sole creed and hope—ſole madneſs, thought, or dream,
Thine image fadeth from me, in the beam
Of images, eternally divine.

And be my penance the deep Convent ſhade,
Far from thy ſtar-like eyes' too fatal light;
So through the ſhadows of the dark, long night,
May I yet reach thoſe ſtars that cannot fade.

And in God's land of the Divine For-Ever,
Whoſe days and nights are as a thouſand years,
That poor, brief Paſt, atoned by many tears,
Shall be remembered, Kingly Louis, never.

But from the ruin of that broken dream,
Unſtained, ſerene, thine image ſhall ariſe;
And in the ſtormleſs world beyond the ſkies,
Our ſouls may melt in one immortal beam.

One ſtar, one cloud, or one wild wandering breeze,
Part of the mighty myſtery of the ſpheres,
May link and mingle, through the eternal years,
The undying ſouls of Louis and Louiſe.

QUEEN GUINEVERE.

I WEAR a crown of gems upon my brow,
Bright gems drop down upon my yellow hair,
And none can tell beneath their grandeur, how
My brain is racked with care :

How wicked love my loft foul is enchaining,—
As finful men are chained to torture's wheel,
So I, the prifoner of my griefs remaining,
My own dark doom do feal.

There is a figure that I fhould not faſhion,
Whofe form I fhape from every changing fhade ;
The fhadow of my wild and wicked paſſion,
I meet in grove and glade.

There is a voice, whoſe muſic ever changing,
I hear in ev'ry murmur of the ſea,
In ev'ry wind o'er moor and mountain ranging,
In ev'ry ruſtling tree.

There is a face I ſee in mournful ſplendour,
In each ſtar-jewel of the crown of night,
Whoſe lineaments all nature's beauties render,
In ſhadow and in light.

There is a dream that I ſhould periſh, dreaming,
A dream that haunts me ſtill by night and day;
But yet ſo ſubtle am I in fair ſeeming,
None dare my fame gainſay.

And thus I murmur: Oh, my Lancelot!
Firſt of all warriors breathing heaven's breath,
I pray to die, that thou mayſt be forgot;
If we forget in death.

Oh, my loft ſoul! Oh, my loved Lancelot!
My broken faith! Thoſe deep and dreaming eyes!
I cannot hide me where thou comeſt not,
To ſhut me from the ſkies.

Oh, weary earth without my Lancelot!
Oh, dreary life bereft of end or aim!
Save to ſeek out ſome ſolitary ſpot,
Wherein to hide my ſhame.

Oh, fatal paſſion, that abſorbs my life!
Oh, dreadful madneſs, that conſumes my ſoul!
A queen, aye, worſe; oh, miſery, a wife!
God give me ſelf-control!

God give me ſtrength to bear, and ſilence keep
Angels, once women, pity woman's pain,
And huſh me to that ſlumber, calm and deep,
From which none wake again!

SI AND NO.

THE NEAPOLITANS VOTING FOR ANNEXATION WITH PIEDMONT.

UNDER the ſunſhine the urns are ſet,
Under the ſunſhine the crowds are met,
The mighty, the humble, the haughty, the poor,
Never ſo met or ſo mingled before.
Speak, oh wondrous and gathering crowd!
Soul of the nation, ſpeak aloud!
Shall Naples, your birthplace, be great and free?
Hearts of the people, anſwer "Si."

Men, whoſe lives have been ſpent in chains,
Men, grown old 'neath the torturer's pains,
Women, whoſe beauty has faded away,
Shut from the light of the beautiful day,

Children, whoſe fathers the headſman ſlew,
Fools, who have fancied a Bourbon true,
Know ye this day-dawn of Liberty?
Reſcued populace, anſwer, "Si."

Anſwer, oh, people! oh, citizens, come!
Blind and grey, and ſtricken and dumb,
The beggar that crawls from the hoſpital door,
The invalid, never ſo ſtrong before;
The voices of children, that ſcarce can ſpeak,
The voice of the dying, though never ſo weak;
Every voice in the land ſhall be
Mixed in the might of this anſwering "Si."

Who would recoil on a day like this,
Who would fall back from the national bliſs,
Who would be traitor, and coward, and fool,
Let him cry "No" to Emmanuel's rule.
But, oh, free-born ſons of the Southern race!
Ruſh to be bound in this vaſt embrace,
Italia, united, regenerate, Free,
Souls of the populace, anſwer, "Si!"

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

SHE tore the black ſea-weed in her hand,
He looked down the long glittering ſand,
Her eyes roamed far o'er the wandering ſea:
"Oh, ſhe is all ocean and earth to me,
All heaven and earth, and ſky and ſea,—
More than creation," he ſaid, "to me."

Her lovely lips had a ſcornful grace,
A haughty glory lit up her face,
Her eyes ſhone out o'er the billowy tide,
But their light was veiled by a cloud of pride:
"She reigns o'er my heart as the moon o'er the tide:
I live by her beauty, I die of her pride.

" I die of the ſcorn in her glorious eyes,
I die of the pride in her cold replies ;
But I live in her loveline ſs, breathe in the light
That gleams through the clouds in her eyes' dark night
Her pride is the ſhadow, her beauty the light,
And the wide world ſleeps in her eyes of night.

My love is as vain as her words are cold,
And my dream will die when my dream is told :
Her heart is as hard as this beaten ſhore,
That the lonely ſurges are wandering o'er ;
Yet I linger here on this diſmal ſhore,
And I cannot go till my dream is o'er."

" Why do you linger ?" at laſt ſhe ſaid ;
" The low ſun dies in an opal bed,
The low ſun fades in the purple ſea."
" Yes, all the world is at reſt but me :
Oh, thou that art more than earth or ſea,
Have pity—have pity," he cried, " on me !

" Hear my words, if you mock my prayer,
Let me not die of this dumb deſpair ;
I love you — I fear not your pitileſs ſcorn —
I love you better than night or morn,
I laugh at your pride, and I ſmile at your ſcorn ;
But I love you — I love you by night and morn.

" I love you in ſpite of my wiſer thought —
I love you with love that can never be bought —
But alone in your pride I leave you here,
Where the deſolate ſhore is dull and drear ;
For a prouder mate do I leave you here,
And a loveleſs life with its grandeur drear."

Has ſhe no word on her curling lips,
No anſwering glance from her eye's eclipſe,
But the darkneſs of night, as he turns away,
To leave her under the dark'ning day ?
" Oh, life of my life, why turn away ?
I love you better than night or day.

"Was it my part," ſhe ſaid, "to ſpeak?
Better my heart ſhould in ſilence break:
Looking but now o'er that ſhadowy ſea,
Little cares he, I thought, for me;
More than heaven, or earth, or ſea,
Am I, indeed, beloved by thee?"

AT LAST.

He.

AT laſt, at laſt! My hand reſts on your hair,
Through the deep ſhadows in your eyes, I look,
There was a time I read them as a book;
Life drifts away, and all life's long deſpair,
And lo, I reſt my hand upon your hair.

At laſt! How ſhould you gueſs that it was ſo?
I poring at my ſtudies in the ſhade,
You, in the ſunſhine, glitteringly arrayed,
Flitting, embodied brightneſs, to and fro;
I ſay, how ſhould you gueſs it could be ſo?

How ſhould you know I loved you? there was not
One link between us; not a thought of mine
That had one ſhade in harmony with thine;
In your bright miſſion, and my quiet lot,
One uniſon, one concord, there was not.

And yet, and yet—apart from all the reſt,
I've watched you till the watching grew a pain,
And yet I lingered, watching you again,—
Love, a dull anguiſh, ſtifled in my breaſt,
But in all outward ſeeming, as the reſt.

So I grew mad, not what the world calls mad,
But that ſlow madneſs of the ſoul, that broods
Under the graveſt and the ſtilleſt moods;
And ſome have called me churliſh, others, ſad,
They all were wrong, they ſhould have called me mad.

If there had been a hope, a thought, a chance
Of your love, I had, hand to hand with fate,
Fought that great battle which makes manhood great,

And walked through fire to win one gentle glance ;
But oh, my Nemeſis, there was no chance.

And ſo my life ebbed, purpoſeleſs, away,
As ſome ſlow river through a deſert flowing ;
Enough to me that weary life was going ;
The pall of night fell dark on every day,
And I was happy, ſo life ebbed away.

Life held no purpoſe underneath the ſkies,
Earth held no prize but one, and that was you,
And that could not be mine,—I knew, I knew,
I was not born to win ſo great a prize,
Then what was there for me, below the ſkies ?

At laſt, at laſt ! My hand is on your hair,
Deep, deep, I gaze into thoſe tender eyes ;
Low in their depths ſome hidden ſorrow lies ;
Tell me, whoſe life has been one long deſpair,
Speak, as I reſt my hand upon your hair.

She.

At laſt, at laſt! That ſorrow in my eyes
Has brooded there for melancholy years;
At firſt their light was drowned in hopeleſs tears,
But there was comfort in loud agonies;
It is the quiet grief has dimmed my eyes.

At laſt, at laſt! And yet you cannot read
The ſorrow that has ſhadowed all my youth:
What! can the ſoul not fathom the ſoul's truth,
With the ſame ſorrow could your true heart bleed,
And yet the pain in my heart never read?

I loved you. With that wondering regard
I ſcarce dared own unto myſelf; I thought
My pride debaſed, to love, and love unſought;
Where others knelt, where others prayed, 'twas hard
Never to win one wandering regard.

And yet, and yet—how often have I turned
To the ſtill ſhade, where bending o'er ſome book,
You, the grave ſcholar ſat, with earneſt look
That never anſwered mine? my cheek has burned
That my heart owned a paſſion unreturned—

And ſo I married, and have been—— I'll not
Reproach you with that miſery! My chain
Wore its ſlow length, though every link was pain.
Let the dead paſt be buried and forgot,
But, oh, to have been loved, yet known it not!

I do reproach you with a blighted life,
I do accuſe you for our waſted years,
Your ruined manhood, all my hidden tears,
My life-long lie as an unloving wife,
Theſe on your head, with all a wretched life.

Dying, you ſend for me, to tell me this,
Which told before—I might have been. Oh, God!
Teach me to bow beneath the bitter rod;

It was Thy will to hold me from ſuch bliſs,
So, from his dying lips I gather this.

Yet, by Love's immortality, we may,
In ſome ſerener ſphere united yet,
This lower loſs, theſe lower griefs, forget
In the great glory of eternal day.
The fulneſs of the ſoul reſponds, "We may."

So reſt thine hand in bleſſing on my hair;
I have been loved, I have been loved — at laſt!
This wondrous preſent blots out all the paſt;
Life drifts away, and all a life's deſpair —
So die, beloved, thine hand upon my hair.

TIRED OF LIFE.

WE have drunk the wine of life,
We have drained the cup to the lees,
And after the ſtruggle, the battle, the ſtrife,
We laugh at man's miſeries.

Yes! we, too, were paſſionate fools,
Loving, and dying for love;
Ours once the heart no philoſophy ſchools,
And the boſom a prayer could move.

Yes! we at a changing ſhrine
Once knelt, and adored, and prayed;
And the ſhort-lived goddeſs was always divine,
In the light of our love arrayed

Yes! we, too, ſuffered and wept,
And hope's gay viſions were ours;
And the dreams that came to us while we ſlept,
Were decked in young Fancy's flowers.

But oh! how the glory died,
From our love, and our hope, and truſt,
And how, borne down by Time's pitileſs tide,
Our goddeſſes crumbled to duſt.

And the prize, when the race was done,
With its torturing hopes and fears;
Was it worth the anguiſh it coſt, when won,
In thoſe fooliſh, early years?

We have drained the wine of life,
To the goblet's bittereſt lees;
And we look back after the turmoil and ſtrife
To laugh at our miſeries.

Then we're wondrous witty and gay,
And we mock every earneſt heart,
While we marvel that ever, in life's dull play,
We played ſuch a paſſionate part.

But we ſometimes pauſe in our jeſt
To note its ungenial mirth,
And wonder ſometimes if it really is beſt,
To be careleſs of heaven and earth.

To have loſt our belief in truth,
To have loſt our deep faith in love,
To have out-lived each dream of our golden youth,
And our hope in a Heaven above.

And neither to live nor to die,
But to drag out the length of our chain,
With a mirth that muſt always end in a ſigh,
And laughter allied to pain.

To be ſavant, punſter, and wit,
And ſought for at dinner and ball,
To wear the laſt faſhion, and under it
To hide from the eyes of all,

The weary, diſſatisfied breaſt,
So empty, and joyleſs, and cold;
While we ſneer at man's folly, and wild unreſt,
In the battle of life ſo bold.

To be older in ſoul than years,
To be heavily bearing our life;
Oh, better the haraſſing hopes and the fears
Of that byegone tempeſt and ſtrife.

Oh, better the earlieſt death,
Ere the freſhneſs of childhood had paſt,
Than years to drag on of ſlow lingering breath,
And to die ſo tired at laſt.

WAITING.

TWO women ſtood upon the yellow ſand,
The waves and ſea-weeds curling round their feet,—
One ſhaded with a brown but ſlender hand
Her dark eyes from the heat.

I aſked, "Why watch ye thus beſide the deep,
Whoſe riſe and fall the hidden moon controls?"
"We wait a touch ſhall wake us from our ſleep;
We're waiting for our ſouls."

"Are not your ſouls within your breaſts?" I cried,
A bitter laugh ran down the ſtretching ſands;
"My ſoul went forth," one ſaid, "with him who died
Far off in unknown lands.

" And from that day I've been the ſhadow only,
Of what I was before that day came down ;
The dead, than I, could never be more lonely,
In yonder peopled town."

I wept to hear her. " You are broken-hearted,
By loſs of him you loved ſo well !" I ſaid.
" Not ſo, both heart and ſoul with him departed,
And I am only—dead.

" I knew his death-hour, though none other knew,
The world between us ; but I felt him die—
A ſhiver pierced my inmoſt being through—
That was his parting ſigh !

" His comrades waited for the ſhip's return,
And hoping, fearing, lingered on the ſhore ;
I had no fear, no hope,—' Go back and mourn,
You will not meet him more.'

"I ſaid—they called me mad, and went their way;
I watched the waves come up, and rave, and roll,
But never ſaw his face unto this day;
And thus I loſt my ſoul."

The other woman neither ſpoke nor moved.
"And ſhe?" I aſked. "I know her not," ſhe ſaid,
"I only know that ſhe has loſt and loved,
And ſhe like me, ſeems—dead."

"Love comes not once," I ſaid, "but till the laſt,
The ſoul's dead winters change to living ſprings,
God wakes the lyre to muſic of the Paſt—"
"But not the broken ſtrings!

"But not the broken ſtrings," ſhe cried, "Go to,
Why do you ſtand to argue with a ghoſt?
We ſee not theſe things as they ſeem to you
Becauſe our *ſouls are loſt*.

"Leave us; why waſte your comfort on the dead?
We with our hopes were wrecked on yonder tide:
We aſk no pity, neither tears," ſhe ſaid,
"We did not weep — we died!"

And ſo I left them — more I could not learn:
Still ſtood they where the ſurges round them broke.
But evermore my memory would return
To her who never ſpoke.

UNDER GROUND.

OH, let the ſcornful lip be loud,
Though every word were once a wound;
Rail on, beloved! be cold, be proud;
I can defy you—under ground!

Paſs by my grave with careleſs tread,
Spurn the low graſs and cruſh the weed:
The turf may fade above my head,
The heart beneath will never bleed.

I loved you, as men love, who ſtake
Their ſoul upon one caſt,—I loſt.
Your common hearts can only break,
And life was all my madneſs coſt.

I did not curſe you when you ſold
Your wicked heart; and when you lied,
And bartered all your ſoul for gold,
I let you go, and only—died.

So laugh, and tell them how I threw
Name, honour, creed, beneath your feet;
Tell all I loſt in loving you,
And how you flung me off, my ſweet!

But keep this in your memory:
When all is told, when all is ſaid,
The triumph ſtill remains with me,
And I am victor—being dead!

So laugh your loudeſt!—ſay your worſt!—
Ring o'er my grave the ſilver ſound!
Through you in life and death accurſt,
I yet eſcape you—under ground!

VALE.

GO down into the grave of all the Paſt :
Leave me alone.
Oh, paſſion, wide and deep and firſt and laſt,
Thank God thou 'rt gone !

Go back into the dreary gulf of Time ;
Thy reign is o'er ;
Thou, once ſo lovely in thy golden prime,
Lovely no more.

But evermore a hideous, ghaſtly ſhape,
From ſhadows made ;
This ſo-called grief is only—an eſcape !
Good ſpeed, falſe ſhade !

Go back! With all things like thee, fair and lying,
Go to the dead!
Thou, ſo ſhort-lived, and yet ſo long a-dying,
Back to thy dead!

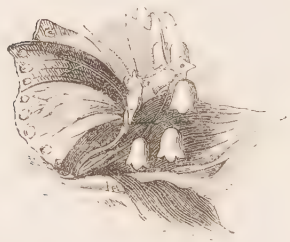
Bright years I've loſt for thee and thy deluſion,
Which at the beſt,
Was mingled joy and pain, in much confuſion,
But never reſt.

Manhood's high hopes through thee and for thee blighted,
Dear haſt thou coſt;
Thou that canſt leave me in the end benighted,
Homeleſs, and—loſt.

But go, for of no more canſt thou bereave me;
All haſt thou had:
One good thing only canſt thou do,—to leave me,
Leave me not mad!

Then go, go, take thy phrenſies and thy raving
Out of my mind.
Go with thy fever and inſatiate craving,
Leave me — reſigned.

Struck by thy bitter lightnings, hopeleſs, blaſted,
Loveleſs, unbleſt;
Shorn of that life which I for thee have waſted;
Only — at reſt!



GOING DOWN.

A SONG.

DEATH in the ſky, death on the wave,
In ſight of our native ſhore,
No power can help, no arm can ſave,
We ſhall never reach it more:
Then fire one gun, for a laſt farewell
To the diſtant lighted town;
Though they cannot aid, they will hear the knell,
For we're going—we're going down.

There's a girl who loves me, that will mark
Every cloud in the changing ſky,
Whoſe heart will ſink as the heavens grow dark,
And the raging ſurf rolls by;

I can almoſt ſee the light that ſhe burns
In that ſwift receding town,
And I know in her grief to her God ſhe turns;
But we're going—we're going down.

Yet you ſee my face by the lightning flaſh,
And you cannot ſee me blench;
There's a ſpirit o'er which the waves may daſh,
And a fire they cannot quench;
So let's breathe one prayer that our God may hear,
Look once at our native town,
And thoſe glancing lights that ſeem ſo near,
While we're going—we're going down.

GABRIEL.

A LAZY SONG.

OH, men may ſtrive with heart and brain,
To mend the nation's woes ;
But I who know they ſtrive in vain,
On thyme and turf repoſe.

So let them work, and let them weep,
No toil, no tears will I,
But lie aſleep in wild wood deep,
And dream until I die.

The gipſy ſmiles to ſee the wiles,
By which the world is won ;
And ſheltering in the foreſt aiſles,
Laughs at the golden ſun.

Oh, wiſe men work, and wiſe men weep,
Beneath the burning ſky;
But I will ſleep in heathery deep,
And dream until I die.

The ſun has his allotted taſk,
Each bee his work to do,
But in the ſunbeams I can baſk,
And ſcent the flowers too.

And if I hear of ſouls that burn,
Or hearts that break in vain,
Why, in the fern, I drowſy turn,
And go to ſleep again.

FAREWELL.

LET others run the toilſome race ; and win,
So will not I ;
Too old am I the ſtruggle to begin ;
Then let me lie,
Where on the waving graſs the ſhadows glide,
And only mark
The ebb of Time's too ſlow receding tide,
That drifts me to the dark.

And thou, beloved, paſs onward on thy way,
Live down thy ſhame ;
I curſe thee not for that dead yeſterday,
Why ſhould I blame ?
Had we been happier, though in ſeeming bleſt,
Ah, who can tell ?
Farewell, adored, that word is almoſt—reſt,
Then but that word—Farewell !

WAKING.

MY life is over ere my days are done,
The crown is withered ere the race is won,
The veil hath fallen ere the ſhrine is neared,
And the fair ſtatue which my love had reared
Is ſhattered to the ground.

Thy beauty was the beauty of my mind,
Which with thine outward image I entwined,
Till every thought that God made fair in me
I ſhaped and ſublimated into thee,
And with thy likeneſs bound.

I made thee all the pureſt tell of truth,
About the glowing beauty of thy youth,

I ſhed the light of every lovely dream,
And ſeeing thee in that reflected beam,
Beheld thee more than fair.

Thou wert to me, th' incarnate Beautiful,
Beſide which all the ſtars of Heaven were dull;
I ſet thee high above all earthly ſtrife;
Into one dream of thee I made my life,
And waking, I deſpair.

A SHADOW.

I MET a ghoſt under the ſummer ſky,
That turned and mocked me as he paſſed me by;
"Know you me not?" this pale, ſad phantom ſaid,
"I am the ſhadow of thy good days dead,
Thou canſt not fly from me."

He took the faſhion of a face once dear,
He ſtole the voice I once ſo loved to hear,
He called me back to hopes and dreams long fled,
Fair ſcenes of life for ever vaniſhèd,
And pitileſs was he.

"See, ſee," he cried, "I take her by the hand,
And lead thy loſt love from the ſhadow-land;

Look well upon each beauty and each grace,
Dwell on the dear and long-remembered face,—
For ever loſt to thee.

"Then go into Life's thronged and buſy ways,
And bury in thy heart the bygone days;
Bury the diſcontents thou canſt conceal,
But in their ſilence doſt the deeper feel,—
Thou canſt not bury me.

"I am thyſelf,—linked to thy mortal frame,
I am thy ſadden'd ſoul's immortal flame;
I am thy youth, thy hopes, thy dreams, thy Paſt,
O'erſhadowing thy life, while life ſhall laſt:—
My name is Memory."

LIFE IS A CHILD.

"Life is a child, which muſt be rocked in a cradle till it falls aſleep."—VOLTAIRE.

OH, lull the infant, Life, to ſleep,
Upon the breaſt of Time;
Huſh it to ſlumber ſoft and deep,
And ſoothe it with a rhyme.
Oh, little Sleep! Oh, tranſient Sleep!
So full of fevered dreams;
For ſhades we ſtrive, for ſhadows weep,
Where nought is what it ſeems.

But lull this weak child, Life, to reſt,
The little ſleep will paſs,

And, ere the dreamer's hopes are bleſt,
The ſands fall through the glaſs.
The low ſands fall — the laſt ſands fall —
The ſands too ſwiftly run,
And, ere we know we dream at all,
Both dream and ſleep are done.

TO A COQUETTE.

LADY, in thy radiant eyes,
A depth of deadly falſehood lies;
Lady, from thy low replies
Bitter memories ariſe
That recall paſt agonies;
When I hung upon thy ſighs,
When I deemed thee true as wiſe;
But Time's wings, as faſt he flies,
Sweep youth's ſtars from manhood's ſkies;
And I know thy faireſt guiſe
Only maſks thy cruelties.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

OH, tell me what madneſs betrayed thee,
Loſt ſtar of the beautiful ſeven?
Still lovely, though ſin doth degrade thee,
Poor outcaſt from home and from Heaven!

Oh, haſt thou no dream of thy childhood,
No memory that ſpeaks to thy breaſt,
No viſion of meadow or wild wood,
That now were a haven of reſt?

And even the love that allured thee,
Can the mem'ry of that be no more?
Though the dark clouds of guilt have obſcured thee,
Gleams no light from thy pure days of yore?

Oh, pitiful wandering goddeſs,
Poor merchant of graces and wiles!
Dark, dark the ſad path thou haſt trod is,
And mournful the light of thy ſmiles!

As I watch thee, a viſion ariſes,
Of what thy paſt days may have been;
And, loſt in a hoſt of ſurmiſes,
I ſee, as perchance ſome have ſeen

Thee, a babe at the knees of thy mother,—
A child, amidſt ſummer flowers ſtrayed—
A girl, pride of father and brother,
In innocent beauty arrayed.

So, why ſhould I, wandering goddeſs,
Paſs thee by with ſuch ſcorn in my breaſt?
It may be the cold churchyard ſod is
Sole haven thou knoweſt of reſt.

Then weep, ay, weep, wandering goddeſs!
Weep, loſt one, thy tears may atone;
Though bitter the ſtroke of the rod is,
It falls not for vengeance alone.

At that day when all wrongs ſhall be righted,
In that land where all ſecrets are known,
Even thou, now ſo loſt and benighted,
The angels may claim as their own;

While there ſhall be more joy in Heaven,
Than over the pure ninety-nine,
Reſtored of the beautiful ſeven,
When thou, midſt thy ſiſters, ſhalt ſhine.

AFTER THE ARMISTICE.

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SO the brief ſummer days have departed,
The ſummer day's warfare is done;
And the noble and leonine-hearted,
Rejoice in the battles they've won.

There are laurels, light, ſplendour, and glory,
In the gorgeous firſt city of France;
For we've beaten the heroes of ſtory,
As the rifle eclipſes the lance.

Let us throw up our caps in the ſunlight,
Let us welcome the Prince we adore;
But let us remember there's one light,
Our Emperor cannot reſtore:—

The light of young lives juſt departed,
The light of love loſt in the grave;
Paſt joys to the now broken-hearted,
The light of the ſouls of the brave;

The fair, only ſon of the woman,
The newly-betrothed of the bride;
Hoſts, who fell hand to hand with the foeman,
Intermixed in death's terrible tide.

Few pictures there are without two ſides,
The ſunſhine gives place to the cloud;
And e'en glory's brightneſs has new ſides,
Unknown to the hearts of the proud.

For the wail of the deſolate woman,
And Rachel's loud cry of deſpair,
In the triumph we've won o'er the foeman,
Ariſe on the clear ſummer air.

So the river rolls on to the ocean,
  So the ſun towards the Weſt ſtill doth tend,
So grief, glory, joy, ſorrow, devotion,
  Muſt go on ſide by ſide to the end.

AMONG THE HYACINTHS.

WE have left the world behind —
We have loſt the beaten track,
And the hum of the city upon the wind
We have only to guide us back.

Oh! this is indeed to live,
To be free to dream and to dare,
When all that the buſy world can give,
Is a murmur on the air.

In the wood where the hyacinths grow;
And the earth is as blue as the ſky,
We wander to-day till the ſun ſinks low,
And the roſy ſhadows die;

Till the day, with its ſoul of flame,
Till the beautiful day ſhall die;
To return, but not to return the ſame,
With one cloud in the changing ſky.

So but once we may live theſe hours,
So reckleſs, and radiant, and gay;
But once may gather theſe wild-wood flowers,
That wither ere cloſe of day.

For the bright ſpring moments die,
As the bloſſoms periſh and fade;
And the careleſs jeſt, and the low reply,
Are paſt with the light and ſhade.

And through life, ah! never again
Will the ſame brief hour return,
With alternate throb of joy and pain,
In the hearts that beat and burn.

Oh, weary, and flat, and ſtale,
Is the life we throw away,
The talents and powers of no avail
To ſhorten one ſummer's day.

But, who leaves the world behind,
To go from the beaten track,
Should hear low voices upon the wind,
That ſweetly call him back :

That breathe from the wild-wood flowers
That cry in the murmuring ſtream,
" This mortal and earneſt life of ours,
Was given us not to dream ;

" To queſtion its depth and truth,
Or to fear its darkening cloſe :
But to do great deeds in our golden youth,
And to ſcorn the ſlave's repoſe :

"To ſcorn the ſlave, who lies,
And baſks in the ſummer ſun,
Who leaves to lament him, when he dies,
On the wide world's face, not one.

"Then up from amongſt the flowers,
The path is wide and free,
And earth claims of man his nobleſt powers,
To conquer her miſery."

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